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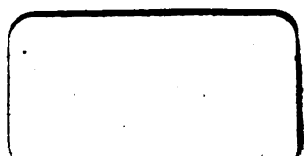
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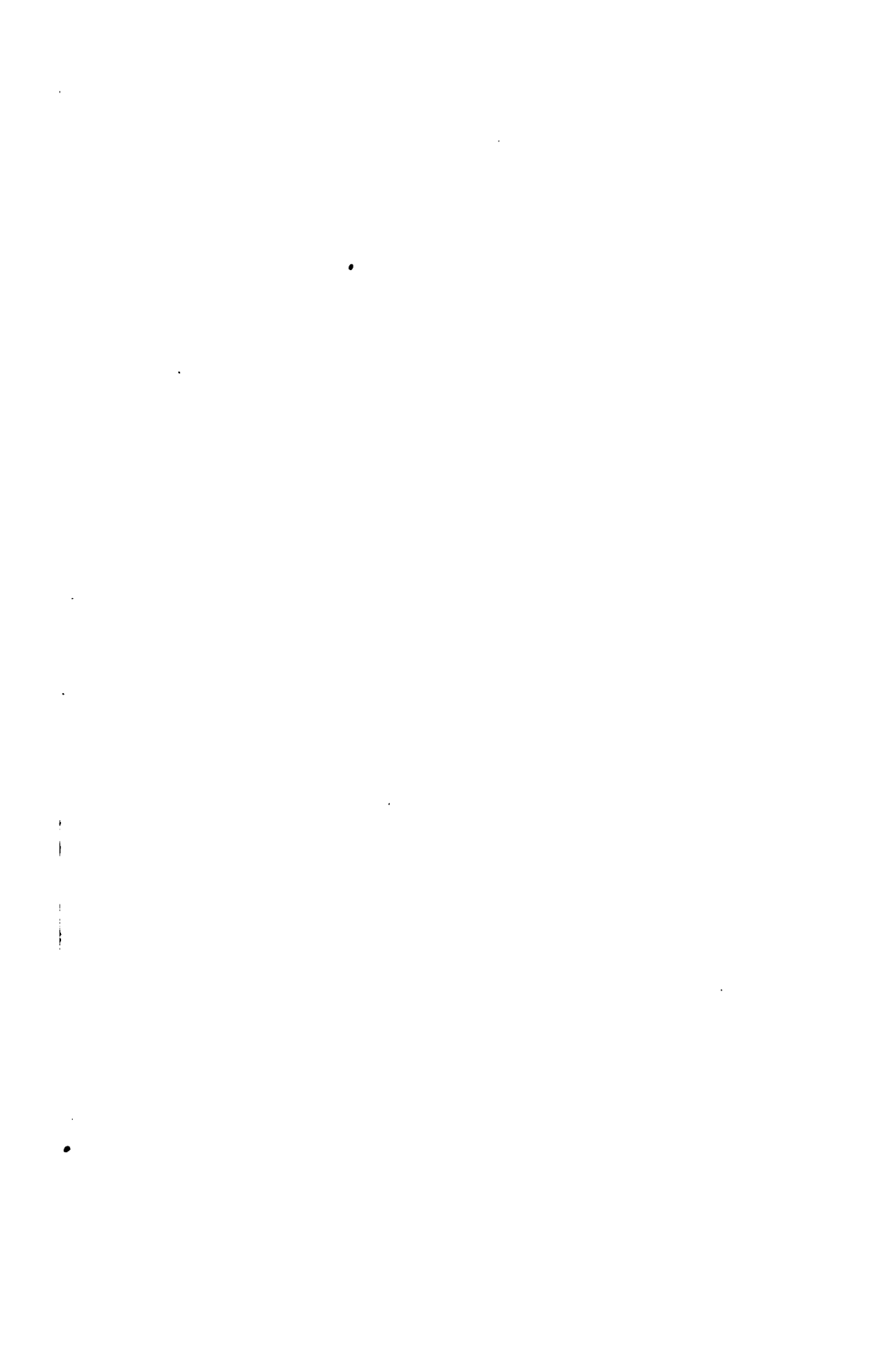


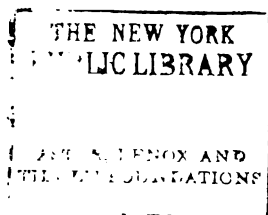
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SEPTEMBER 26, 1892

THE
LIFE OF
OSCAR A. PETERSON
AN
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OSCAR A. PETERSON

WOODSTOCK

1904



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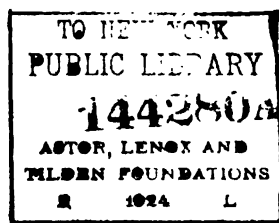
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NOTE

These autobiographical sketches have been written at the request of some of my children, and for the benefit of my household alone. They are not intended for general publication. If they shall instruct and entertain my wife and children, and their descendants after them, my object in jotting down these simple annals of an uneventful life will have been accomplished.

O. A. H.

1924

MAY

TRANSFER FROM C. O.

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CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY AND PARENTAGE.



WE have been accustomed to boast that ours is the mingled blood of the Puritan and the Covenanter. It is certain that we came from both New England and Scotch-Irish progenitors.

Our genealogy, on my father's side, has been traced back over two hundred and seventy years, when in 1632 a certain WILLIAM HILLS of Essex County, England, came to this country, passenger on the ship "Lyon," William Pearce, master, sailing from Bristol, June 24th, and entering the harbor of Boston on the 16th of September. He settled first in Roxburgh a suburb of Boston which became a part of the city in 1868. In three or four years he removed to Hartford, Conn. The recovery of a missing link or two would enable us to run our line back a hundred years more, and almost to the beginning of the sixteenth century. Could earlier and more extensive gaps in the record be filled up, as doubtless in due time they will be, we should probably have an unbroken line up to the beginning of the reign of Edward I in 1272.

As these sheets go to the press the Secretary of the Hills Association (Headquarters in Boston), writes me that the birth-place and parentage of William Hills in England have been recently discovered.* This William Hills, first of our name and line in this country, seems to have come over as a sort of man-servant of the great Apostle to the Indians, the Rev. John Eliot, accompanying Mr. Eliot's intended wife, the minister himself having come over in November of the year before. This was not an uncommon way for poor young men to get across the ocean, and argues nothing for a menial condition of the party in England, though it certainly shows that our progenitor, like many of his posterity, was not blessed with an abundance of this world's goods. He must have been regarded as a very trustworthy man, or certainly Mr. Eliot would not have entrusted his fiancée to his care for the long voyage of three months across the Atlantic ocean.

His service with Mr. Eliot did not continue long after his arrival in the new world. Perhaps William, having gained his object in reaching this country, was too independent to remain in the position of a man-servant. The parting of master and man seems not to have been an

* "William, son of Thomas and Jane (Scarborough) Hills, was baptized in the parish of Upminster, in the County of Essex, Dec. 27th, 1608."—See 11th Annual Report of the Hills Family Genealogical & Historical Association, June 6, 1905, Page 4.

amicable one. At least Mr. Eliot, in a list of those who had "adjoyned themselves unto the fellowship of this church of Christ at Roxborough," says of William Hills, "he removed to Hartford on Conecticott, where he lived several years, without giving such good satisfaction to the consciences of the saints." Perhaps William's version of the variance, if we could have it, would put things in a different light. It is certain that soon after, he married the daughter of one of Mr. Eliot's members in Roxborough, "Phillice Lyman, daughter of Richard Liman," who came to New England in 1631, in a previous voyage of the ship "Lyon," the Rev. John Eliot being in the same company. In about 1636 William Hills, perhaps already a married man, seems to have settled on land in the neighborhood of Hartford, where he lived nearly half a century, dying there in 1683.

He had nine children. Our line descends through his oldest son, WILLIAM, who was born in Hartford about 1646 and died in Hartford on the 15th of August, 1693. We know little more of him than this brief record. He had eight children.

Our line continues through his second son and seventh child, JOSEPH. This man, of the third generation, was born in East Hartford the year of his grandfather's death in 1683, and died in 1751.

Of his thirteen children the line of descent runs

through his sixth son and seventh child, DAVID. This Hills, of the fourth generation, has been recently identified as the father of my great-grandfather, Amos, who was a captain in the patriot forces during the Revolutionary War, as will be seen in the Connecticut Colonial Records for 1768-72, p. 374. David was born in Farmington, Conn., on the 15th of September, 1716, and died in Berlin, Conn., sometime after June, 1790. Amos lived from sometime in 1745 to the 9th of April, 1813. He had ten children, one of whom was JAMES HARVEY, who was born in 1781. He studied medicine, and married Miss Beulah Andrews, who, if I am not mistaken, was of New Britain, Conn. My father, DARWIN TODD, of the seventh generation, his third child and second son in a family of eleven children was born at Farmington, Conn., three miles west of Hartford, on the 6th of December, 1806. His father's sister, Miss Catharine Hills, had married Dr. Todd, the distinguished friend and educator of the blind; and his middle name was borne in honor of the noble philanthropist.

When father was two years old, grandpa Hills, Dr. J. H. H., removed to Ohio; and, after living fourteen years in other places near the center of the state, removed to Delaware, O., in 1822, where he died in 1830, at the age of 49. Grandma Hills survived him thirty-six years and died in Delaware in 1866.

On my mother's side, our genealogy has been traced back to the last quarter of the seventeenth century. The line of descent, therefore, is fifty years shorter than on the other side; and there are but four links in the chain instead of seven. It seems that a certain WILLIAM HUGHES came to this country from Wales (though it is believed, on what ground I am unable to say, that the family originally came from Scotland), and settled in the vicinity of York, Pa. He lived to be one hundred years old, and died about the time of the opening of the Revolutionary War.

His son ROWLAND, born in 1723 and died in 1779, was twice married, and had nine children, three by his first wife, and six by his second. This second wife was a woman by the name of Elizabeth Smiley from Scotland. Her father, a Mr. Robert Smiley, was an Elder of the Presbyterian Church, probably in the city of Glasgow. Elizabeth Smiley Hughes's only daughter was named ISABELLA. She was my great-grandmother. During her childhood the family, after her father's death, removed to Western Pennsylvania, and settled in what is now Washington County, near to the Pan-Handle, West Virginia, line.

Isabella Hughes married a Matthew Anderson, a Ruling Elder of the Presbyterian Church of Short Creek, W. Va., She had three brothers who became Presbyterian ministers. Smiley, the youngest, died after preaching but eighteen months.

Thomas Edgar, Elizabeth's fourth son, was the father of ten children, four of whom became Presbyterian ministers. The youngest of these was the late Rev. James Rowland Hughes of Dayton. Another brother of Isabella, the second son of Elizabeth, was James, who, after being settled more than twenty-four years over the united congregations of Short Creek and Lower Buffalo in Ohio County, W. Va., removed to Ohio, and became pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Urbana, from 1815 to 1818; and then became the Principal of the School at Oxford, O., which afterwards grew into Miami University. He died in 1821.

My mother, SARAH ANDERSON, was the third daughter and seventh child in a family of thirteen children. She was born in the village or settlement of Short Creek, in what is now West Virginia, on the 1st of January, 1805. After being married some fifteen years her parents came to Ohio soon after she was born. They lived for six years in St. Clairsville, removing thence to Delaware in 1812 when my mother was nearly seven years old. Ten years later Dr. James Harvey Hills, with his large family, came to Delaware. Out of these two large families two marriage unions ultimately sprang, the first being that of my father and mother, and later my mother's youngest brother, David, and my father's next to the youngest sister, Mary.

In the "teens" of the nineteenth century Delaware was but a little village in the midst of an almost unbroken wilderness. I have often heard my mother tell of the Indians, perhaps of the tribe of the Wyandottes, coming frequently around their log-cabin begging for something to eat, and probably bent on stealing, but otherwise not troublesome.

Soon after the Hills family came to Delaware, father, then sixteen or seventeen years of age, was apprenticed to work in a woolen mill. It was the day of little grist-mills and woolen-mills, wherever there was water-power enough to turn a wheel. Originally the housewife herself would take the fleece, as it came from the sheep's back, and wash it, and card it, and spin the yarn from it, and weave it into cloth, and make it into garments. Then came a little relief for the busy matron in the "roll mills." These received the wool, and put it through the newly-invented carding-machine, out of which it came in the form of rolls,—long, soft strings of wool, an inch in diameter and two or more feet in length. The farmer took these home to his "women-folks;" and they spun them into yarn, and afterwards carried on the process to the making of the cloth and the clothes.

Another step in the way of helping the busy mothers was the invention of the spinning-jenny, —so called from the name of the wife of the in-

ventor, Mrs. Jenny Hargreaves. This did the spinning for the women; but for many years they continued to do the weaving and making up the garments. But the march of improvement was on; and soon the power-loom and the broad-loom relieved the household from all the drudgery of cloth-making: and then the good housewives found they had enough and more than enough, to do, to make the cloth into clothes.

In the decade of my birth and later, these little woolen-mills dotted the country over. But later still, the clearing of the land, and the consequent drying up of the streams necessitated the use of steam-power; and the economical use of this compelled consolidation; and eventually the big mills drove out the little ones. And so it came about that, by the time father had reached the end of his working days, a man could not carry on the business of "woolen manufacturing," as it had come to be called, without a large capital.

But in the beginning of his working life, there were plenty of opportunities for men to find work in the "roll mills," and in running the "carding machines." It was, I suppose, as a "journeyman," or possibly even "apprenticed, wool-carder," that he courted my mother; and it was doubtless, as but little further advanced in the knowledge and experience of the business, that he married her.

This union took place November 18th, 1828, in the village of Oxford, O., at the home of my

mother's oldest sister, Mary, who had married a Mr. Charles Barrows, and removed to that rising seat of learning. They were a young couple, he being not quite twenty-two, and she less than twenty-four. Their first three homes,—each of them blest in the advent of a man-child,—were in the so-called "Big Miami Valley," between Dayton and Hamilton,—he going here and there, as he could "get a job," and both of them industrious in their poverty.

"The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD HOMES.



IN the month of May, 1834, my parents, with their three little boys, Edwin Harvey, Darwin Todd, Jr., and Henry James, the oldest less than four and a half years old and the youngest not quite five months, removed to the vicinity of Brownsville, Union County, Indiana. It was a little village, hardly more than a blacksmith shop, grist-mill and woolen-mill, six miles west of Liberty, the county seat. Here they resided eight years, during which period God gave them four more children, all boys! These were Richard Murray, myself, David Anderson, and Charles Barrows. I made my advent into that little Hoosier Home on the 13th of December, 1837, the fifth one of the seven boys, and the second of the Brownsville contingent.

When I was four and a half years old, my parents removed to Richmond, Ind., in May, 1842. Two years later, in April, 1844, they returned to Ohio, and settled in Spring Valley, seven miles

southwest of Xenia. After two years there, they removed in April, 1846, to Parry's Mills, on Caesar's Creek, Green County, Ohio, five miles east of Xenia; whence, in the spring of 1852, they made the last removal of their earthly pilgrimage to Crawfordsville, Indiana, where they spent the rest of their days and where, in Oak Hill Cemetery, they now lie side by side, awaiting the glorious resurrection.

Many incidents of these homes of my childhood come to my recollection as I write. It may be of interest to record a few of them, before they again fade away. Of two events in the Brownsville life I can have no personal recollection; but I have heard of them so often that they seem a part of my own memory. One is the death of a drunken workman. He was found drowned in the shallow waters of the mill-race, where he had evidently fallen on returning by night from a drunken debauch. I doubtless did not see it; but, through all these sixty-seven years, I seem to see him lying there in that shallow stream, from which he was too drunk to lift his head.

The other event is my baptism. Father was converted in a Methodist campmeeting, and united with the little Presbyterian Church in Brownsville, of whose thirty-five members my mother was one. They signalized the full constitution of a Christian home by having their five little boys baptized. This must have been in 1839

or 1840.* I was the youngest of the little group. Father gave the officiating minister, the Rev. Jared M. Stone, a list of our names. All had double names but myself. Mr. Stone said to father, "You are not fair to the little fellow; he ought to have a middle name too." Father asked him to suggest one. He replied, "Well, there's Professor Armstrong,† recently of Oxford. He was a good man; suppose you call him, after him, Oscar Armstrong." To this father assented; and I was so named in the baptismal service.

A big spider bulks largely in my personal recollections of the Brownsville days. I was at the spring, doubtless in the care of an older brother. The spring was in the hillside and, as I remember it, arched over with an opening to the side. Across a part of that arch the spider had woven his web. He was probably one of the common garden spiders and less than a half inch in size; but in my memory he seems to be anywhere from six inches to a foot across! And, while it was doubtless no part of his scheme to hurt a little boy, he remains forever to my mind the type of

* It was probably in 1839. The minister, Mr. Stone, was not ordained till late in 1838, or early in 1839, and till then was not authorized to solemnize the Sacraments. After April, 1840, my brother, David, would have been the youngest.

† Professor Thomas Armstrong was graduated from Miami University in 1830. He was tutor and professor from 1830 to 1835, and died of consumption at Yellow Springs, O., August 27th, 1835.

some devouring ogre, ready to entangle boys in his net, and swallow up the unsuspecting!

Most vivid of my memories of the Brownsville home is the recollection of my mother at the family altar. Father must have been away from home, if, indeed, it was not before he became a Christian. My brother, David, next younger than I, must have been the babe in the cradle. And here I must pause to say it was the marvel of my parents' home that for twenty years never was there a time when there was not a baby in it. From 1829 to 1849 this was true. It is a never-failing wonder to me how my mother could have borne nine sons and one daughter in that period, and brought all of them but two of the boys to mature years! Surely she was a wonderful woman! And then to go on to her golden wedding, and well-nigh fourscore years!

But returning to the narrative, my brother Charles was two months old when our parents removed to Richmond. If the scene I am now recalling took place during the last month of their stay in Brownsville, there must have been two babes in the cradle. I myself must have been less than four years old; but my memory recalls, as if it were but last evening, the form of my blessed mother, in the fulness of her young womanhood, with those of her four boys, all bowed in prayer around the wide-open fireplace. I could not have felt very reverent, nor was my attitude very de-

votional; for I must have been looking around over the fire-lit group. And perhaps my mother rose from that prayer with the feeling that Number Five at least had not been benefited to any appreciable degree by that evening's family-worship. And yet I dare to say that no scene of my childhood has made so deep and lasting and influential an impression upon my mind as this one.

During our Richmond life brief as it was, the death of my brother Matthew, when but five days old, followed two months later by that of Charles, at the age of a little over two years, made a profound impression upon my mind. My parents were comforted in their affliction by the ministry of the Rev. Thomas Whallon, the Presbyterian pastor in Richmond, whose son is now one of the editors of the *Herald and Presbyterian*, of Cincinnati.

An incident of a laughable character, which I have heard father relate, took place, if I remember rightly, during the sojourn in the little Quaker City. Father and another man were helping a fellow-workman to move, and were unloading his household goods at the new residence, the owner not being present at the time. Among other things they came to handle a barrel of sauerkraut. They had never had anything to do with such an article; and, taking counsel of their olfactories they decided that the stuff had spoiled on the journey, and that the owner would not think of having

such an odorous article in his house. So, without waiting to consult their new fellow-workman, they dumped the "foul stuff" over the bluff! The man, who was of German extraction, flew into a towering passion over the loss of his precious sauerkraut, and "just when it was getting good, too." I think he never forgave the officious offenders.

Of the two brief years at Spring Valley, O., besides the birth of my youngest brother Frank, I recall two or three incidents worth mentioning. There was a large mound near my father's factory, on which I distinctly remember the Democrats celebrating the election of James K. Polk, the eleventh President of the United States, near the close of 1844. I suppose it must have been something unusual, to have made such an impression upon a boy less than seven years old. And, following the phenomenal campaign four years before of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," it was no doubt "*une grande affaire*." That election was a death-blow to the presidential aspirations of Henry Clay, who was my father's political idol in those days. This was the earliest political event my memory recalls.

I began my school-life in Spring Valley. It was in a little private school in a vacant room of a large warehouse. One of the large old-fashioned "ten-plate stoves," as they were called, by which the room was heated, furnished an admir-

able hiding-place, behind which mischievous boys could crouch and plot when they had anything on foot which the teacher was not to know.

It was earlier in the season that two other boys and myself concluded we wanted some apples so bad that we could not resist the temptation to play truant and get some. We slipped across the Little Miami river and walked a mile or more into the country, to a farm-house, where to our great joy we got all we could wish. But alas! for our short-lived fun! As we returned to the village a drenching rain drove us to the shelter of a clump of trees, whence a little later a terrific clap of thunder with a blinding, flashing bolt, which happily hurt nothing in sight, scattered the truant group far and wide; and we were glad to get a ducking and scurry home. One little shaver got more than a ducking: but even the spanking and supperless bed felt good to one who at length realized that the long day of wrong-doing, suffering, confession, and punishment was over at last, and that once more he was on good terms with a sorrowing mother.

It was later, but still during the Spring Valley sojourn, that I spent almost an entire period of the noon recess at school, trying to persuade an older schoolmate,—John Barrett it was,—not to study arithmetic,—“because it was hard!” I cannot say that I have even to this day entirely conquered this early repugnance to mathematics; but

I am glad John did not take my vehement but foolish advice.

My memory recalls many incidents of the life at Parry's Mills, as it was, so to speak, the middle period of my boyhood. Colonel Parry, as he was called, was an old friend of father's,—the "best man" at his wedding eighteen years before in Oxford. There were on the Creek a saw-mill, a grist-mill, and a woolen-mill,—altogether making quite a little settlement. It was five miles by a mud road from Xenia, the county seat. Father had become an Elder in the little Presbyterian Church of seventy-five members in Xenia, while we lived in Spring Valley. It was a great Psalm-singing Presbyterian community,—the old "Associates" and the "Associate Reformed" both having good congregations. They afterwards became, as all over the country, the "United Presbyterians."

Though so unfavorably located, my parents never gave up the church-going habit. Indeed, in all my childhood days, I never remember the question being raised, Shall we go to church to-day? But with only a two-seated open buggy, drawn by a little black mare, called Jinny, but four of the family could ever go at one time. Naturally we younger children had to stay at home most of the time. Our Sabbaths were given up to studying the Shorter Catechism, which father heard us recite on Sabbath evening.

On one such occasion, I distinctly remember some words of counsel which father gave my oldest brother Edwin, who had made a profession of his faith that morning in church. Occasionally we younger children got a chance to go to church. One sermon by the young pastor had the merit of deeply impressing the text on my mind. It was in 1 Peter 4:18,—“If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?” The preacher was the Rev. Eliot E. Swift, then probably a licentiate (it was in 1848); he was a lineal descendant of the Rev. John Eliot, already referred to in the preceding chapter. Thirty years later I became his co-presbyter in Allegheny, Pa.

I remember, too, my father's words of comfort when tidings came to the Mills of the death of my mother's mother, Mrs. Isabella Hughes Anderson. This took place at Delaware, O. She had had a great deal of affliction in her family, and had survived her husband many years. They were both humble, earnest Christians. I think Grandma Anderson died at the home of her oldest son, Uncle Alexander Anderson, in Delaware.

About the middle of our sojourn at Parry's Mills our household was wonderfully stirred up by the advent of a beautiful baby sister! The first daughter in the family, only her extreme native goodness and the power of Divine grace could have kept her from getting spoiled. This great

event occurred in October; and the next summer it was my great joy to carry her up and down the hill from our house to the factory, every day after dinner, till she had fallen asleep. My older brothers must have been at work, and the younger ones could not be entrusted with so precious a charge! She received the names of her two grandmothers,—Beulah Isabella. Ah! sister dear, you will never know what a joy your coming was, and has ever been, in such a house-full of boys!

How vividly comes up the old school house of District No. 8! It was about half a mile nearer Xenia than we lived; and I well remember what high hills and deep valleys intervened! In October, 1866, while attending a meeting of the Synod of Cincinnati at Xenia, I had a friend take me out to the old place. I found that during the twenty years some ruthless innovator had evidently taken a gigantic roller and run it over the whole surface of the country and flattened it out in a wonderful way! The hills which I had found it so difficult to climb in my childhood were now exceedingly small, and the valleys that were so deep had become only shallow depressions in the landscape.

Was there ever another school district like No. 8? And the people! I wonder what has become of the Fudges, and Deans, and Campbells, and Hyslops, and Crawfords, and Boots, and Hoppings,—with little tow-headed Jennie Hopping,

my first little sweetheart! It was small punishment when the teacher made me sit among the girls, if only it might be next to Jennie! There was Scott Crawford, too, my chum among the boys! Only ten years ago (in 1895) I had a letter from Redlands, California, signed W. S. Crawford, of the D. M. Ferry & Co., seed store, of Detroit, inquiring if I was the Oscar Hills of old No. 8? Sure enough it was the Winfield Scott Crawford of old! Alas! he was out there to die; and, after a single exchange of letters, there came a note from his wife that he had gone to the better land.

The whole country-side seemed to revolve around the old school house with its big walnut tree in the large open yard. There we locked out the teacher at Christmas time! There we had our "spelling matches." And there on Friday evenings the citizens gathered for the more or less hotly contested debates. My father took a deep interest in these. A Mr. Robert Hyslop was another man prominent in the discussions. His son is now a distinguished professor in Columbia University of New York, and known all over the country for his investigations of the problems before the Society for Psychical Research.

As my mind roams around that dear old home, I recall a big boulder behind the barn, that served in part as one of the corners of the foundation. It was by that stone I remember kneeling, and

asking God to make me a minister. I was not then consciously his child, and for many years gave few evidences of being such; but that desire, not even then probably first born, never left me. And, now after more than half a century, I bless God for putting it into my heart to offer this prayer, and for answering it in such an unexpected way.

The first step in that answer came soon, and led to strange and speedy results. One evening, in the autumn of 1851 it must have been, father and I were in the factory,—he weaving at a broadloom, and I “winding bobbins.” I should explain that, sometimes when bobbins were scarce, the spinner would run the yarn as it was spun, in a conical roll, on the bare spindles of the “jenny,” forming what were called “cops.” These, of course, could not be used in the shuttles of the looms; and so it was the task of the “bobbin boy” to run a wooden spindle through the cop, and, placing it upright in a frame with his hand-wheel reel off the yarn on to the bobbins which were then available for the use of the weaver.

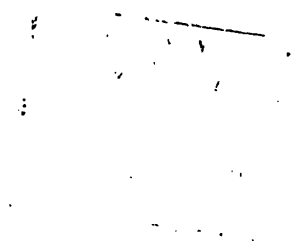
This was my work on that memorable evening. I do not remember whether the other machinery of the factory was running or not. It probably was, as during the short winter days, 8 o'clock P.M. was the usual quitting time. I only remember that, as we wrought, some one, who had come from the postoffice, tossed a letter on to the webb

where father was weaving. Neither of us recognized it as anything remarkable; but it was nevertheless the white-winged messenger pointing to the first step in answering my barn-boulder prayer. With an exclamation of surprise and delight father read the letter; and soon after we "shut up shop," and climbed the hill for our nightly rest.

The next day we boys learned that the letter was from a former fellow-workman, possibly a fellow-apprentice, of father's. He wished to rent or sell his woolen mill at Crawfordsville, Indiana, and offered his old chum the first opportunity. How the arrangement was made I do not remember. I only recall the fact that, as soon as the roads were passable in the spring of 1852, we were *en route* to Crawfordsville. It was doubtless a more jolly time to us boys than to our care-laden parents. But in due time we were safely anchored in a new home; and a new era had opened in my life. God had led us from the country to life in a town; and that town was the seat of a noble institution of learning. Would its doors ever open to me, as I looked forward to my desired life's work?

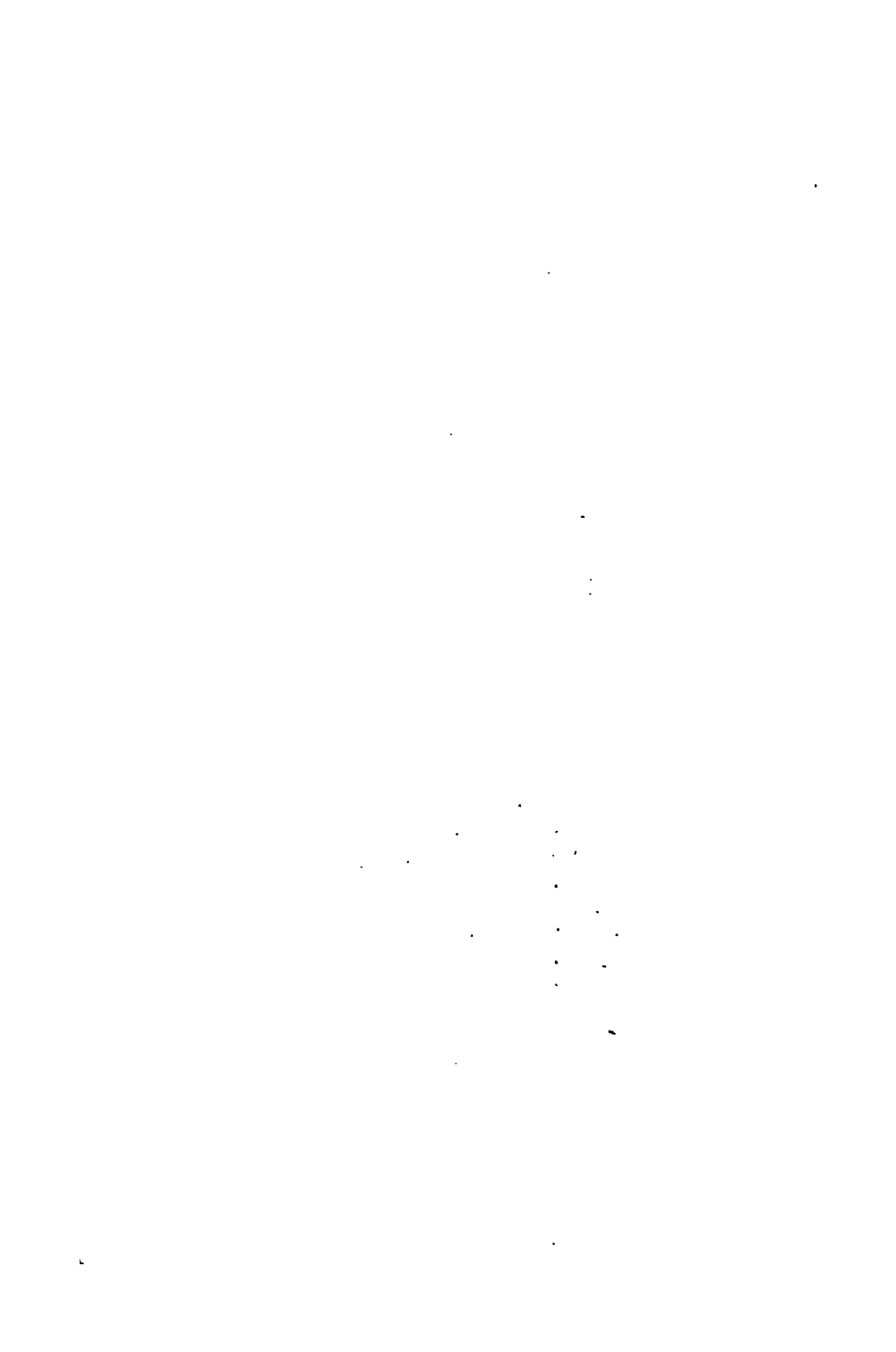
The first year of the Crawfordsville life was to me a year of frequent illnesses from "chills and fever," ending with two congestive chills. While convalescing from these, for the first time I opened my heart to my mother about my wish to be a

minister. It was no doubt a surprise to her; and then, to *my* surprise, I learned that for many years it had been my parents' desire and prayer that at least one of their boys might choose the sacred office. Surely now the fulness of the time was come! Never before had we lived in a college town! Here surely their long desire and my boulder-prayer are coming to the open gate of an assured even though slow fulfilment!





WABASH COLLEGE IN 1860



CHAPTER III.

COLLEGE LIFE.



ABASH College in the early fifties was a very small affair, measured by the common measure of endowment, buildings, and students. But it was rich in the heritage of believing and heroic men who had laid her foundations. She had a beautiful campus; but as yet there was only a single building,—a plain four-story structure with three entrances, the front and rear of the edifice being precisely alike. There were four rooms on each floor, off each entrance,—or forty-eight rooms in all. Two rooms to the rear on the top floor of the left-hand entrance, thrown together with the intervening hall, formed the Chapel. Four others were recitation rooms, and three were devoted to the libraries of the College and the literary societies, of which there were two. The remaining thirty-nine rooms, each fitted with a study room and two little bed-rooms, furnished dormitory accommodations for about seventy-five students. There were about fifty in the four College classes in my day, with perhaps one hundred and twenty-five altogether, including the Preparatory and Normal classes.

During my college days what is now called the Central Building was erected and occupied, though the wings were not internally completed till a later period? The use of the main building was a great addition to the facilities of the institution in the way of class-rooms and society halls. The plate shows the College as it was at the time of my graduation, except the Normal Building for the Preparatory Department, which stood, as it yet stands, near the southeast corner of the Campus.

In my time the Faculty consisted of four Professors and one Tutor, besides the President. Part of the time we had an additional Professor, and also an Assistant Tutor. The names of these men deserve to be written here, as they are indelibly engraved upon the tablets of my memory. They were the Rev. Charles White, D.D., President, with Professor Caleb Mills, Edmund O. Hovey, Samuel S. Thompson, and John L. Campbell, and Tutor Atlas M. Hadley. The first three were ministers; and Mills and Hovey received the Doctorate from their Alma Mater, Dartmouth College, after my day. During part of my college course Professor Mills served the State of Indiana most efficiently as Superintendent of Public Instruction. While he was absent the Greek Chair was ably filled by the Rev. Dr. James D. Butler, a Congregational minister,—an unusually fine teacher of Greek. For the last two years we

had also as Professor of Modern Languages (French and German) the Rev. William C. White, a son of our beloved and honored President.

Under the influence and instruction of these men I was to live and study for over six years. I began on the 21st of April, 1853. I might have saved a little, and made just as rapid progress, by beginning with the first term of the college year in the autumn, instead of the last term in the spring. I did not know any better; and the College treasurer was shrewd enough not to enlighten me.

How well I remember my first walk "*inter silvas academi*" as I went to apply to the Treasurer, Professor Hovey, for admission! My trousers were of blue-cotton cloth, about three inches too short in the legs. A maker of woolen cloth could not afford to furnish it to his own children, save in the severity of winter. I think I was not bare-foot; but am sure my shoes were donned for that special occasion; and during all that summer they were worn only when their owner trod the sacred precincts of the Campus.

There were twenty-five or thirty in that spring class;—only a few of whom were on hand in the autumn. But the number of the spring and autumn classes now combined was something over thirty. So we began to "climb the hill of science" losing constantly here and there on the

way up, until we reached the dignity of Seniors, numbering ten only all told. And so numbering we were graduated on the 13th of July, 1859. Of course, it now seems like a very small class; but it had the distinction of being the largest class that had ever gone forth from Wabash up to that time. Of that famous ten, six have finished their earthly course up to this date (February 21st, 1905,). Four of the ten became ministers, three of whom are still living;—four became lawyers, all now dead;—and the other two entered into business life, one of them alone surviving at the present time.

There were in my day two excellent literary societies in Wabash,—the Lyceum and the Calliopean. Their membership was kept on a substantial equality, through the operation of the so-called “compact laws.” At the beginning of each term the names of all who wished to join the societies were put into the hands of commissioners from the two bodies, who distributed them in alternate choice to their respective societies. The two societies, could never, therefore, outstrip the one the other in point of numbers. But the commissioners, who were the shrewder and better judges of character, could bring into the society they represented the brighter boys: and, with care and foresight, in the course of a few years one society might vastly excel the other in the personnel and literary ability of its members. I wished

very much to become a member of the Calliopean because my chums were members of it; but alas! I was allotted to the Lyceum!

It was not long before I became reconciled to my fate,—not only that, but also a most enthusiastic Lyceumite, and ever after a strenuous advocate of the “compact laws.” Of course, too, my partiality compels me to say that, during my college period, the Lyceum stood at “the top of the heap!” The weekly debates,—the frequent efforts to bring about a repeal of the “compact laws,”—and the annual contests between the two societies (in which, by the way, I had the honor of twice representing the Lyceum), furnished occasions for the display of forensic eloquence of no mean order, and certainly gave us fine opportunities for the best training. I have often wondered whether I did not there get a better equipment for my work as a public speaker than in the classroom, and in the study of rhetoric.

Secret fraternities were not allowed in Wabash; but we had them all the same. In my Sophomore year I was initiated into the mysteries of Beta Theta Pi, the ceremony taking place in the summer-time, and in the shady recesses of umbrageous woods,—where no profane barbarian might see! There were but three members in the fraternity,—Porter, French, and Bishop. Dr. Porter has been for over thirty years pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Fort Scott, Kansas. Mr. French, after

preaching about five years, had the misfortune to lose the use of his vocal organs through diphtheria, to such an extent that he was obliged to give up public speaking. He was for many years in the Postoffice Department at Washington D. C., where he still lives. Bishop left college before graduation. I have understood that he went to Utah, and joined the Mormons. I have never felt quite comfortable over my joining a forbidden society, and should not, I think, take such a step again. It was, indeed, a day of small things; and the little Frat was neither of any special help nor special harm.

Another thing that occurred during my college course has long left a much sweeter memory;—that is my joining the First Presbyterian Church. This was on the 16th of March, 1856, in the closing months of my Freshman year. The church was the Old School Presbyterian,—not the one most closely affiliated with the College. My father had been elected an elder in the First Church soon after our removal to Crawfordsville. The Rev. Charles K. Thompson was the pastor. He was a good and faithful man. He used to lay his hand upon my head, and express the hope that some day I would become a minister. That hand I can feel after fifty years! But neither he nor my parents knew of my purpose to apply for admission to the church, till I appeared before the Session,—so

reticent was I of all the deeper feelings of my nature.

I struggled on through college into the Junior year, till it seemed as if the burdens were getting too heavy for my father to bear. He had met quite a reverse of fortune in the panic of 1857. I thought I must leave college, and give up the hope of a liberal education and of entering the ministry. Just in my time of need Dr. Elisha Morgan, a physician of Cincinnati, brought his invalid wife to Crawfordsville for the summer. We were soon brought together. He took an interest in my affairs at once; and generously gave me the means to finish my course. Eight years after, when I began my ministry in Cincinnati, I was permitted to live in his family, and had the privilege of repaying him the loan of my college days. It is one of my purest joys here in Wooster to follow his example in helping poor students to get an education. Some day they will repay their loans; and, if not, nevertheless I have my reward.

The coming of two other strangers to Crawfordsville, during my college days, had so large an influence upon my life, that this story would be incomplete if I failed to mention them. The first was the coming of Miss Miriam Wright, of Rensselaer, Ind., to school,—there being at the time a very good Ladies' School on the site of the present High School Building. Her father was the Hon. Ezra Wright, of Rensselaer. He had been in the

legislature, a probate judge and county treasurer. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He had three children, all daughters, Miriam being the eldest. She was four years younger than myself. She was an earnest, active Christian, the leader of the church choir, having a very sweet, yet strong, soprano voice. She was quite fair in complexion, with light chestnut brown hair and tender blue eyes, and a trim handsome figure. Of course I fell in love with her at once, and after a time had the joy of knowing that my affection was reciprocated. We became engaged on the twenty-first of August, 1858, just after I had finished my Junior year. I now think this was a mistake; but, if the course of events should have to be gone over again, I should probably do the same thing. Four years, at least, must elapse, before we could be married; but what were four years to those who loved each other as we did? Did not Jacob love Rachel seven years, and they seemed but a few days, for the love he bore her?

In the spring of 1859 a few weeks before my graduation, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met in Indianapolis. The Rev. Dr. William S. Plumer, Professor of Theology in the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Pa., was a visitor to that Assembly, and came over to Crawfordsville, doubtless as his custom was on the lookout for students. I heard him, met him, and was captivated and captured by him! On



AUGUST 28, 1955

and gentle and every trace of refinement. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church. He had five daughters, Misses being the eldest and the youngest, and my mother was the next to the youngest. He was a most active Christian, the most devoted to his family having a very sweet and loving home. He was quite fair in complexion, had long brown hair and a slender and graceful figure. Of course I did not know him at once, and after the lapse of time it took me some time before I knew that my affection was for him. We became engaged on the 15th of May, 1850, just after I had graduated. I now think this was a mistake, in the course of events, should have been later. I should probably do better to have waited, at least, must elapse, but what were four years more to him and I but what were four years more to each other as we did? We were married seven years, and they were the happiest years, but the love he bore her was not so strong as a few weeks before my death. At the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in 1857, The Rev. Dr. James Thompson, Professor of Theology in the University of Pennsylvania at Allegheny, Pa., was elected to that Assembly and came over to visit. He doubtless took his custom as one of the students. I heard him, met him, and was attracted and captivated by him! On



AUGUST 25, 1858

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that visit and interview turned all my future. It had been in my plan, if the way should open, to go to Princeton Theological Seminary. After meeting Dr. Plumer there was no place for me to study theology but Allegheny. The friendship then begun continued with increasing intimacy and affection as long as the good man lived. He was one of the best friends I ever had, and a great educator of preachers, whom I feel in my bones with every sermon I preach even to this day. And this is not alone my individual judgment of the man, as many of his pupils have expressed to me the same feeling. And yet he was anything but a profound theologian. But a combination of indescribable qualities made him a great spiritual leader and trainer of preachers in that "School of the Prophets."

CHAPTER IV.

SEMINARY DAYS.



LEAVING home is an experience which most young men encounter when they start to College. It was my good fortune to live at home till my graduation. So the ever memorable parting from home and parents did not come to me till it became necessary for me to go away for theological study. This time came in August, 1859. I had gotten through college, but was practically penniless. But good Dr. Plumer assured me that I would be cared for in the Seminary, and as an earnest of something more sent me a check for twenty dollars. Miriam's sister Mattie wished to accompany me as far as Springfield, O., where she was to enter a ladies' school. We left Crawfordsville on the morning of August 31st,—the parting from Pa and Ma, my brother Frank, and little sister, tearing my very heart-strings. We reached Springfield that night; and the next day I went on to Delaware, O., to visit for a week with our numerous relatives there.

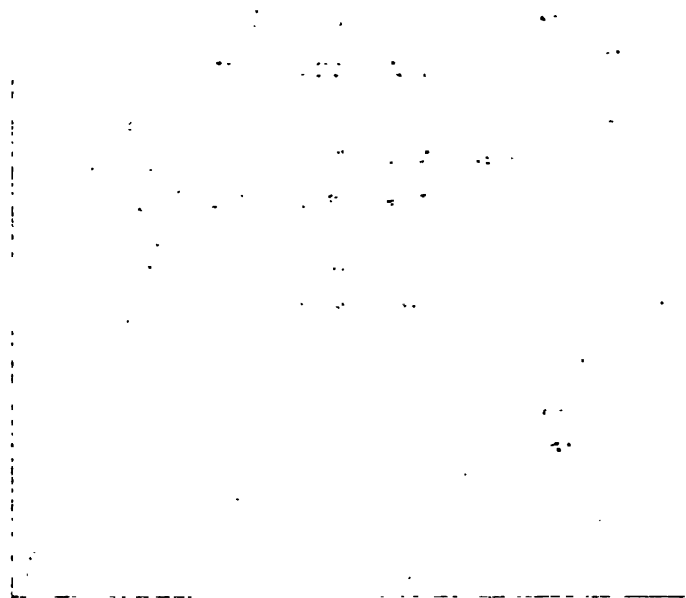
At 5 o'clock in the morning of September 9th,

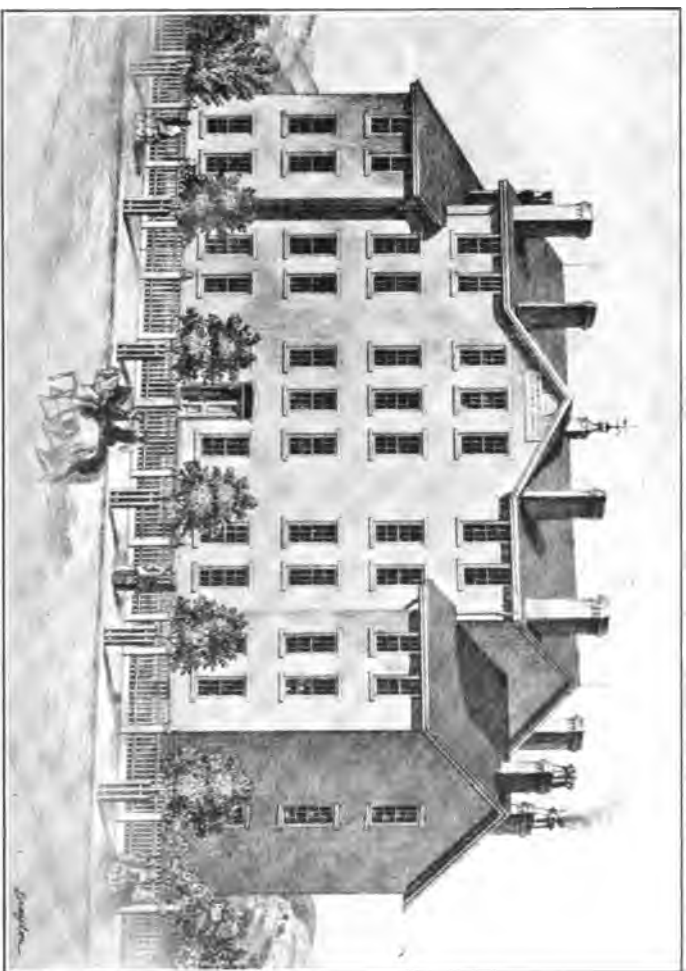
1859, I left Delaware for Allegheny, Pa., going via Crestline. We were detained by a wreck near Perrysville for two hours. My train passed Wooster about 11 o'clock A.M. Little thought I then that here would be my home for so many years or that our dear Mamma was a little girl less than four years old living at Dalton thirteen miles away! The Rev. R. C. Colmery was pastor of the First Church at that time. The University was not in existence, or even thought of as a possibility for Wooster.

I reached Allegheny that Friday evening, and soon found my way to Dr. Plumer's residence. He himself was out of the city, but was expected to return the next day. Mrs. Plumer gave me a most cordial reception; and Rev. Dr. Elliott, the Senior Professor, who happened in, brought me after supper to No. 13, Seminary Hall, for the night. On Mrs. P.'s invitation I took breakfast with her Saturday morning; and before noon had found a boarding-place at a Mrs. McCabe's on Robinson street. Taking account of stock that evening, I found my available resources were one dollar, two pennies, and a three-cent postage-stamp! Before three days were over ninety cents of the dollar had gone for a trip to Presbytery at Sewickley, and the stamp much sooner on a letter to Miriam.

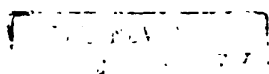
On Monday, September 12th, the opening lecture of the Seminary was given by Dr. Jacobus;

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BEATTY HALL, WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY IN 1860



and we new students, twenty-four in number, were "sworn in,"—twenty-two more being enrolled before the week was out. My permanent quarters, chosen immediately after the opening lecture, became No. 25, Beatty Hall. This, if I remember rightly, was my local habitation during all my Seminary course.

The Western Theological Seminary, in the late fifties, had four professors. Early in the sixties a fifth professor was added to the Faculty. There were nearly one hundred and fifty students. It was, indeed, the most flourishing period of the Seminary's history. Two reasons may be given for this. For one thing, it was just after the great revival of 1857-8, which was so widespread; and, reaching so many colleges, turned many young men to the ministry. For another thing, Dr. Plumer was indefatigable in hunting out young men, consecrated but poor, and helping them into the ministry. This, to me, explains the prosperity of the Seminary more than any other one thing.

The Professors were Drs. Elliott, Jacobus, Plumer, Wilson, and later Paxton. Four of these, Drs. Jacobus, Plumer, Wilson and Paxton, were city pastors. How they were able to carry on this double work remains to me a mystery. And in later years it was thought best to forbid the union of the pastorate and professorship. This was doubtless wise on the whole; but it has al-

ways seemed to me that the old way of training ministers in the homes and charges of pastors had some great practical advantages not afforded by even our most perfectly equipped Seminaries. And the arrangement at the Western Theological Seminary in my day,—a transition from the old to the new method,—had some of the advantages of both.

We thought ourselves happy, too, in the opportunities afforded in the twin cities for hearing the best of all best styles of pulpit oratory. Dr. Paxton in the First Church, Pittsburgh, Dr. Howard in the Second, Dr. Kendall in the Third, Dr. Jacobus in the Central, and Dr. Wilson in the Sixth, with Dr. E. P. Swift in the First Church, Allegheny, and Dr. Plumer in the Central, gave us seven remarkably able men. Each was as different from the others as day is from night; yet every one of the seven was a prince and past-master in his own style. It was almost a theological education to sit under the ministry of seven such men! And four of the seven met us daily in the intimacies of the class-room.

My Seminary life was quiet and largely uneventful. My temporal needs were met from the Seminary scholarship funds, the Board of Education, and my own earnings from some tutoring and vacation teaching. The Lord gave us a gracious revival during my first session, which greatly clarified my own personal religious ex-



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WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY IN 1860

perience and the question of my real call to the ministry. I had also abundant opportunities to engage in Sabbath School, Mission School, and Night School work in the two cities. I felt, therefore, even before ordination, the joy of ministering to the saints, and of winning souls for the kingdom.

I had often heard my mother speak of her kindred, of her mother's maiden name, as living in Western Pennsylvania. It so happened, in the providence of God, that the Synod of Pittsburgh met in October, 1859, in the Second Church of that city. On the 21st I had the pleasure of hearing the names of my mother's cousins in the synodical roll-call; and soon made myself known to them. They were the Rev. Watson Hughes, living retired at West Newton, Pa., and the Rev. James R. Hughes, pastor of Rehoboth Church, in the "Forks of the Yough," as the region was called. They were greatly helpful to me in my student days. During my first long vacation, in the summer of 1860, I taught school in West Newton, living in Mr. Watson Hughes' family, half the little school being his children. In my first visit to Mr. J. R. Hughes' home he licensed me to preach for the occasion,—which I did for the first time in his pulpit, December 22d, 1859, my text being Rev. 3:20,—Flavel's exposition of which had been of so much use to me in my college days. Forty years later, in his pulpit in Day-

ton, O., I was called on to preach his funeral sermon. How wonderful and strange yet gracious are the leadings of God's "wise, holy, and tender providences!"

During some of my visits to Rehoboth in the summer of 1860, it was my joy to run across my beloved Miriam Wright; for singularly enough her relatives were members of Mr. Hughes' church, her cousin being one of his elders.

My second Seminary vacation began with my licensure by the Presbytery of Crawfordsville, on the 1st of May, 1861, in the First Church of Crawfordsville. Most of the summer I spent at home. It was a time of great turmoil in the land and of anxiety in our family life. The Civil War broke out in April, 1861, and during that summer my youngest brothers, David and Frank, entered the army. Our parents thought two out of one family were enough, and were unwilling that any more of their boys should enlist. So I remained at home, preaching almost every Sabbath in the smaller churches in the vicinity, and occasionally in the churches of Crawfordsville itself.

Two incidents of that early experience I well remember. One Sabbath afternoon I was preaching in the little country church of Pisgah ten miles from Crawfordsville. The room was full. Two doors opened from the aisles to "all-out-of-doors," there being no vestibule or retiring room.

In the audience were six young mothers with their cooing babes. Happily they were all in a good humor; and all for a time went swimmingly. Before the sermon began, there were evidences of a coming thunder-storm. And, just when the young preacher was in the fulness of his oratorical tide, the six babies concluded they would join the chorus of "confusion worse confounded." It was impossible for the dear mothers to take them out in the storm, or to quiet them inside the room, while such a din was kept up by the artillery of heaven, and the roaring of that Boanerges on the platform. It was for a time "nip and tuck" between "the son of thunder" and his little competing "sons of thunder;" but I am glad to say, for the honor of the Gospel, that the preacher won out at last, aided very materially, no doubt, by the hasty opening of maternal fountains for throats that had not yet learned to "holler" and swallow at the same time!

At another time I was to preach in the First Church of Crawfordsville, and before my beloved father and mother. They were, of course, proud of the opportunity, to which they had looked forward for so many years, to hear one of their boys preach. My repertoire, I am bound to say, was not very extensive; and it was more of necessity than choice that my sermon was on the proper training of children! I have no doubt there were people present whom such a sermon might help;

but the ludicrousness of the situation always rises up in my memory, as I recall the young, unmarried and unfledged licentiate laying down the law to that dear old couple, who had trained him and seven others to mature years, and who were abundantly able to furnish him pointers on the subject for more than one profitable discourse! I never appeared in that role again!

My last year at the Seminary was saddened by the conflict of my patriotism and loyalty to the country with my sympathy and love for my teacher and friend Dr. Plumer. Before the session of 1861-62 closed, it became evident that he would have to resign his pastorate and professorship. And so he did. Our class was his last. He went South, and remained till the end of the war. He lost his place and influence in the North, and was never cordially received even in the South. Good and great men sometimes make dreadful mistakes!

My graduation from the Seminary came in May, 1862. Our class numbered about forty, of whom fourteen are alive to this day. Owing to the partiality of Dr. Paxton, I was chosen to represent his department on the Commencement Program. There were five other speakers.

Before this eventful day we seniors were much occupied with the question of prospective settlements. Among other places, I was invited to visit the Spruce Creek Church in the Presbytery of

Huntingdon, in the mountains of Central Pennsylvania. It was a country church, largely supported and dominated by two families, whose male members were engaged in the manufacture of iron. It so happened, as we say, that the daughter of Dr. Elliott had married a son in one of these families, and the Rev. J. R. Hughes had married a daughter in the other one. The families, though members of the same great iron corporation, were not on the best terms with each other. I visited and preached in the Spruce Creek Church two Sabbaths, April 20th and 27th, 1862; and being favorably introduced and commended to both of these influential portions of the congregation, I received a unanimous call. This I accepted at once, to begin my pastoral labors October 1st, 1862.

I then returned to the West, to spend a few months with my parents, and to get a wife. Miss Miriam Wright and I were married at her father's house in Rensselaer, Ind., August 21st, 1862,—the fourth anniversary of our engagement, the Rev. Horace A. Mayhew, her pastor being the officiating minister.

CHAPTER V.

SPRUCE CREEK CHURCH.



N Central Pennsylvania, fifteen and twenty-five miles respectively east of Altoona, two ranges of mountains, called the Bald Eagle Ridge and Tussey's Mountain, run northeast from the Little Juniata River. The wide valley between these two ranges is divided for a considerable distance by a sandy, uncultivated section of country, called the Pine Barrens. On the left they run almost to the base of the Bald Eagle range. To the right of the "Barrens," and along the northwest base of Tussey's Mountain, is the Spruce Creek Valley, so called from the beautiful mountain stream flowing from Rock Spring some fifteen miles up the valley, and descending through it to the Juniata, at the Spruce Creek Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Spruce Creek congregation, in my day, began at the village of Colerain Forges, about three miles from the Station, there being but one family at Elizabeth Forge one and a half miles from the railroad. From Colerain Forges the congregation extended up the valley about twelve

miles. The valley averaged about two miles in width, the road,—an indifferent pike,—running substantially through the center for nearly ten miles. The larger part of the congregation lived on farms on each side of this central road. There were five or six little villages in the bounds of the congregation, viz.—Colerain Forges, Franklinville, Graysville, Pennsylvania Furnace, Baileyville, and Rock Spring. Huntingdon Furnace was another village one and a half miles from Colerain Forges, and in the Pine Barrens already mentioned. Baileyville and Rock Spring were in Center County, the line between it and Huntingdon County running between Pennsylvania Furnace and Baileyville. The Manse, a fine two-story frame building, looking southeast and facing Tussey's Mountain a mile off, was on the main road, but a few rods from the county line. It was within five minutes' walk of Baileyville and Pennsylvania Furnace, and not more than half a mile from Rock Spring and a mile from Graysville. The Church, seating 350 people, a plain structure of blue limestone, without tower, spire, or bell, was located at Graysville.

We reached this beautiful valley, coming via Crawfordsville, Delaware, Rehoboth, and West Newton, on the 29th of September, 1862, and the time from our arrival to the 5th of October, my first Sabbath, was busily taken up with getting ready for housekeeping and preparing for a trip



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SPRUCE CREEK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Graysville, Pa.

1871

to Presbytery. The "Call" provided that the salary should be \$800.00, payable half-yearly in advance. So we had the magnificent sum of \$400.00 to fix up the Manse, and to live on from October 1st, 1862, to April 1st, 1863! Happily the good people greatly helped us by furnishing the parlor and guest-chamber of the Manse. One of my members also, Mr. David Stewart, gave me a fine young horse; and, with other help, I was soon able to buy in Philadelphia a comfortable conveyance, known in those days as a "rockaway."

But before these arrangements were completed, came the meeting of the Presbytery of Huntingdon. Mr. Adam Rankin, one of my elders, and clerk of the Session, had been appointed to represent the Church: and, as he intended to take his wife, he invited Miriam and myself to accompany them,—which we were glad to do. The meeting was to be held in the East Kishocoquillas Church at Reedsville, in what is known as the Big Valley. It was a journey of some thirty miles; and, as we travelled with but one horse, and in a very leisurely manner, we had to spend a night *en route*. We left Baileyville on the 6th of October, crossing Tussey's Mountain near the northeast end of the range, reaching Reedsville on Tuesday forenoon, in time for the opening of Presbytery,—before which venerable body I preached that evening. I shall never forget that journey to Pres-

bytery. It was our first experience of going over a mountain in a private conveyance. The autumn frosts had already touched the foliage and nature was putting on her most gorgeous robes.

I do not remember anything about the Presbytery, except what I have stated, and that I was received under its care as a licentiate on certificate from the Presbytery of Crawfordsville. Arrangements also were made for my ordination, and installation as pastor of the Spruce Creek Church, if the way should be clear, at an adjourned meeting of Presbytery, to be held in my Church on the 25th of November, 1862. I have so fully described this great event in my life in my "Souvenir of Thirty Years," that I cannot do better than copy it here.

"How vividly memory recalls that day of days! Long-looked for through ten years of preparatory study, it came at length with its grand beauty and crowded solemnity. The leaves were gone from the annuals on the mountains; and through their naked branches rose the dark and sombre green of the tapering pines. The sun came over the mountain's brow on silent wheels, for there were no singing birds to sound his praises; but he shone forth none the less bright, in all the glory of a late Indian summer.

"The anthem was already pealing from the low gallery of the stone church in the valley, while yet the long line of carriages went winding their

devious way up the mountain-guarded road, bearing the members of Presbytery from the railroad station to the place of meeting while down the valley from the opposite direction came another cavalcade of people.

"The house was full, for it was 'a high day' to the country church; and no sound was heard throughout that upper room, as the words of invocation ascended to the throne. The services of the morning ended, the long examination was begun,—the more rigid and lengthy, that the candidate was a stranger. And so it came about that not till late in the afternoon of that November day was the solemn work of ordination completed in the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. Then came the solemn charges to mutual love and fidelity; and the long but not wearisome work of the day was accomplished.

"The sun was disappearing behind the mountains, and in the shadows of the evening the people took their homeward way. The very horses seemed quieted by the unwonted ceremonies of the day, and jogged along with measured pace. Need I tell you those were solemn thoughts, that in the twilight crowded the young pastor's mind, and suggested dread responsibilities to the newly ordained minister of Jesus Christ? It was the darkest hour of the nation's conflict; but above the din of fratricidal strife rose the battle-cry of a mightier and world-wide contest. And one of

the warriors was now, though, alas! most insufficiently, armed and panoplied for the fray." (See *The Story of the Sermons*, in "THE SOUVENIR OF THIRTY YEARS.")

So began my ministerial career. It was a time of civil war; and ministerial work was everywhere difficult,—the attention of the people being so absorbed in the great conflict between the North and the South. But, aside from rumors and expected raids, and especially our fright over Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, we were, I suppose, as little disturbed in our quiet mountain valley as we could have been anywhere in the land. I therefore prosecuted with diligence my studies and pastoral work. The arrangement of the services in the congregation made it comparatively easy for a beginner. I had but three sermons to prepare in every two weeks. On Sabbath morning I preached in the church; and in the afternoon alternated between the upper and lower end of the congregation. The morning sermon I always wrote with care, and committed to memory. The afternoon sermon was largely extemporaneous; but, as the one used this Sabbath in one end of the congregation could be used next Sabbath in the other end, I had the opportunity to improve it on the second delivery. In this way I had the advantage of opportunities for careful preparation, and also acquired a greater facility in off-hand utterance.

It was not the day of Evangelists. But we had in the Presbytery of Huntingdon a very valuable method of pastors helping each other in "Four Days Meetings" in connection with the celebration of the Lord's Supper; and these services often ran into protracted meetings. They would begin on Friday morning and usually close on Monday morning. But, if any interest developed,—and this often was the case at our winter communions,—we would continue the services for another week, or even longer. I find, on looking over my pulpit register, that, during my three year's pastorate of the Spruce Creek church, I assisted in these four days' sacramental seasons twelve of my brother pastors, and in turn was assisted by them in nine. In a number of instances (notably three,—at Birmingham in October, 1863, at Spring Creek in January, 1864, and at Alexandria in January, 1865), the meetings resulted in great and far-reaching revivals.

There was no revival in the Spruce Creek church during my pastorate. The winter of 1863-64 has often been spoken of as a winter of continuously solemn Sabbaths, when it seemed as if the Holy Spirit was brooding over us. I have many times since then thought that, if I had had the wisdom to institute a few extra services, calling one of my brother pastors to my aid, we might have had a great awakening and revival.

Even as it was, when we came to our Communion on the 5th of June, 1864, we had eleven of our young people come forward to publicly confess their faith in Jesus Christ,—an unusually large number for that congregation.

Two of these, John Calvin Oliver and Joseph Milligan Goheen, became, and still are Presbyterian ministers. Mr. Goheen went to India, where for thirty years he has been a missionary of our church in the West India, or Kohlapur, Mission. I believe all of his children have been educated at Wooster; and, over a year ago (in December, 1903), I had the pleasure of receiving his two youngest children, Joseph and Frances, into full communion in the Westminster Church forty-two years after I had so received their father.

Though we thus received a few mercy drops in that church, the Spirit was restrained from doing many mighty works by reason chiefly of a long-standing quarrel among the members. The story might be long, I must make it short. In the early part of the nineteenth century, the Spruce Creek church used the literal version (better known as Rous's version) of the Psalms in the service of praise. Later in their history a large number of the people wanted hymns. The church ultimately divided on this question of the psalmody, and formed two churches, worshipping in the same house on alternate Sabbaths. In the course of time, as with the houses of David and

Saul, the hymn-singers waxed stronger and stronger, and the psalm-singers waxed weaker and weaker. The former eventually went out and built the stone church in which I was ordained. My immediate predecessor in the pastorate, with more heart than judgment, believing the schism ought to be healed, succeeded in effecting a re-union of the two churches. It was not wisely done. There was a tacit understanding that the minister, in the exercise of his discretion, might occasionally use the old version of the psalms in the service of praise. In actual practice it had come to be understood that he *must* use at least one psalm in every service. Thus matters stood when I became pastor. The situation was aggravated by the fact that the two prominent families, to which I have referred in the last chapter, ranged themselves on opposite sides on this question.

I soon found the new pastor was watched, and viewed with suspicion by some of the people, if he used either psalms or hymns too freely; and, whatever course he pursued, he was bound to make enemies. The yoke at last became intolerable, and, as it seemed to me, no conscientious principle was involved (the psalm-singers having surrendered the principle in the case when they consented to unite with a church that used hymns at all), and after endeavoring to keep the peace for two years, I took the bull by the horns, and

announced that I would not use the psalms any more, and if the congregation did not feel like sustaining me in this they would have to get another minister. The church sustained me by an overwhelming vote. As a consequence the psalm-singers,—about twelve members in four or five families,—left the church, and joined a neighboring congregation *where they had never used the psalms at all!* Then the church of Spruce Creek had sweet peace; and, under the pastorate of my successor, the Rev. S. S. Orris, afterward professor of Greek in Princeton, had a great, wide-spread, and profound revival and awakening such as the Valley had never known. I should probably have reaped that harvest myself, if I could have remained.

But Miriam's health, which had begun to show signs of breaking, now became such that a change seemed imperative. How it was to be brought about we knew not. In the latter part of May, 1865, she went home for a few weeks of rest, and for consultation with her old family physician. I remained at work, proposing to join her later in the summer, if she were not able to return to the Valley herself.

On the 12th of June I had preached at the church as usual, and in the afternoon at Colerain Forges,—going to spend the night with Mr. Robert Bruce Johnston, one of my elders, living about four miles from the railroad station. About

midnight we were aroused by the coming of a telegram from Miriam's father that she was critically ill, and for me to come at once. The night drive to the Manse to get ready, and the journey next morning to the station can never be forgotten. The long journey was by the Pennsylvania Road to Pittsburgh,—thence by the Ft. Wayne Road to Wanatah in northern Indiana,—and thence by the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Road (as it was then called) to Bradford,—and thence sixteen miles across the prairie in the stage, or by private conveyance, to Rensselaer. I reached Wanatah in the forenoon of Tuesday just five minutes too late for the train south; and there was no other train for twelve hours, till 10 o'clock that night. Oh! those twelve long, weary anxious hours, while I walked the platform of that station wondering if my wife were dead or alive, and I within fifty miles of her bed-side! Who can describe the suspense and anguish of that interminable day?

I reached Rensselaer about 3 o'clock Wednesday morning, to find Miriam very low from hemorrhages of the lungs, but still living. She soon began to improve. I remained in the west eleven weeks, running down to Crawfordsville for one week as soon as I could safely leave my darling invalid. By the middle of August Miriam seemed quite well again; and reluctantly we began to prepare for our return home. We reached the

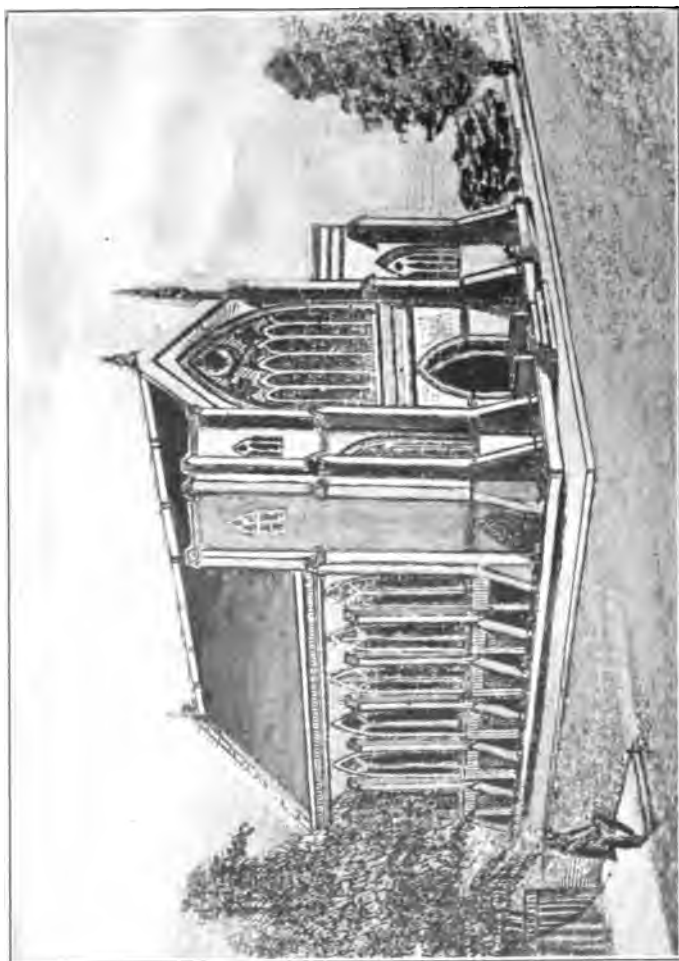
Manse the last of August; and I resumed preaching the 3d of September, in much perplexity about keeping Miriam in that climate another winter.

We had not been at home two weeks when unsolicited and unexpected invitations reached me to visit the Central Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, and the Second Presbyterian Church of Steubenville. It seemed as if the Lord were opening the way for us to leave the mountains; but where would He have us go? To settle this question I resolved to visit both churches. The timely visit of Miriam's cousin, the Rev. J. Eliot Wright, a nephew of the Rev. Eliot E. Swift, mentioned in the second chapter, whom I could get to supply my pulpit, enabled me to go at once; and I spent the 8th of October in Steubenville, and the 15th in Cincinnati. The Second Church of Steubenville would have called me, if I had encouraged the step; but I thought the milder climate of Cincinnati would be better for Miriam, and when in a week or two a call came from the Central Church I accepted it, and arranged for removal before winter should set in.

The Spruce Creek people were very loath to let us go, and raised the salary to \$1200, in hope of keeping us. The parting, too, was all the harder for us, that Miriam's sister Nannie had just been married to Mr. Thos. S. Lyon; and they were just going to housekeeping in the Valley. But we resisted all efforts to detain us, in the

conviction which proved to be a sad mistake, that Cincinnati would be better for Miriam. And so we left our beautiful mountain home,—our first and only home,—and began our life in the great metropolis of Ohio.

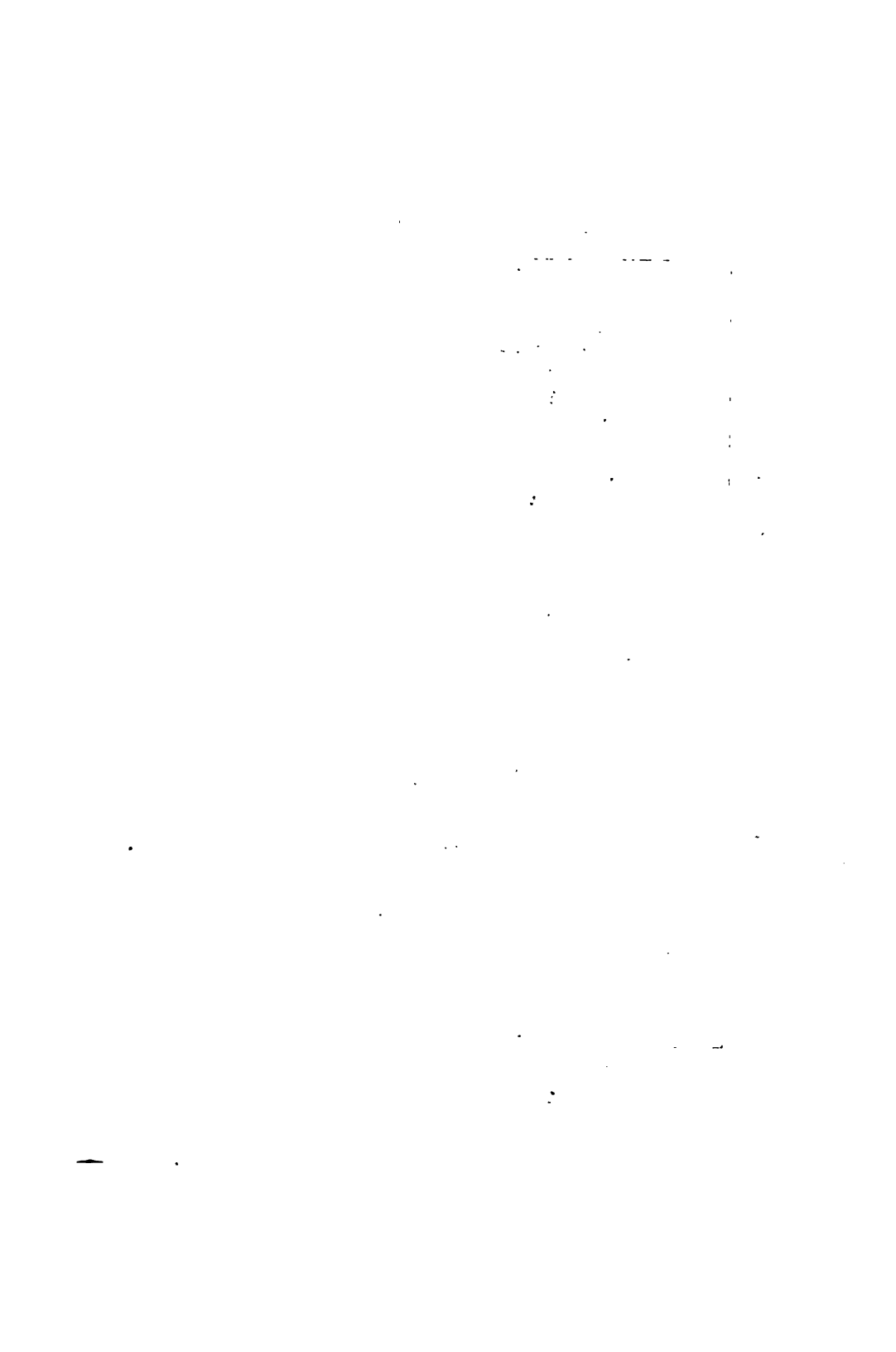
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CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CINCINNATI IN 1865

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CHAPTER VI.

CINCINNATI CENTRAL CHURCH.



My ministry in the Central Church of Cincinnati began on the 17th of December, 1865. This church had been organized a little over twenty years before by the Rev. Dr. Nathan L. Rice, who, after a brilliant pastorate of nine years, was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Nachanael West, and he in the early sixties by the Rev. Dr. Richard C. Grundy, who had been obliged to leave his church in Memphis, Tenn., because of his sympathy with the North in the Civil War. I learned that the attention of this church had been drawn to me, I suppose through Dr. Plumer, at the close of my Seminary course. I had, however, happily for me, already accepted the call to Spruce Creek; and so they turned to Dr. Grundy. After his death in 1865, they recalled what had been said to them of me, and at once made overtures to me for a visit, with "a view" to a call.

The Central Church was one of the three leading Presbyterian churches of the city at that time,—the Second and Seventh alone equaling it in

numbers, wealth, and influence. It was a large and very trying field for any minister, and especially for one but three years old, and much more for one having the care of an invalid wife. I often wonder that I had the courage—I might better say audacity—to undertake it. But to a young man, hope's possibilities are unbounded.

We did not try to keep house in Cincinnati and for the first six months we found a home with my old college friend, then in somewhat reduced circumstances, Dr. Elisha Morgan. To my beloved Miriam the change was very trying; and she did not enjoy it. The climate was no improvement for her pulmonary trouble; and she did not have the strength to enter into the life of the congregation and city. How often we longed for the quiet ways of our mountain home!

In the spring of 1866 we found a quiet boarding-place on Walnut Hills for the summer. The cholera broke out in the city early that summer; and we decided not to take any vacation. I felt that we ought to remain near our people in such trying times. Happily none of them was stricken. Toward the latter part of August the plague seemed to abate; and it was thought best by our friends that we should get away from the city for a little rest before the winter's work should begin. So we were planning to spend the last two weeks of September in visiting Miriam's sister Nannie on Spruce Creek. Little did we think that

she was speedily destined to a fairer land, and I to a winter of desolation indescribable!

Miriam had been taking some quinine powders (there were no capsules in those days), to break up some ugly little chills,—an incident of her consumption,—before we should begin our journey. The original box of powders had been exhausted; and on the 10th of September I took it to the drug-store to have the prescription refilled. The next morning Miriam woke me early, about 4 o'clock, to give her the first two-grain quinine powder, that she might get under the full influence of the febrifuge before the time for the chill. I gave her the powder in clear cold coffee, which disguised the bitterness of the dose; and then we both lay down for another nap. In about two hours I was awakened by her stertorous breathing; and, finding I could not arouse her, I became alarmed, and sent for a physician. He came, but saw immediately that he was powerless. He took the box of powders marked "Sulphate of Quinia" to his office, to test the substance, and soon returned to report the druggist's mistake, and that it was "Sulphate of Morphia" he had put up instead. The druggist was an old and reliable man at the business, and was terribly shocked by the remediless consequences of his error. Miriam died at 9 o'clock on the morning of September 11th, 1866; and in a few days was sleeping in beautiful Spring Grove.

The people were unfailing in their kindness. But I was overwhelmed by my sudden bereavement, my sorrow so greatly aggravated by the mysterious manner of my beloved's going. In later years I came to see that there was infinite mercy in her quick release from what seemed likely to prove a long and painful departure, in circumstances of great discomfort. But at the time I could not recover myself. At the suggestion of my elders I went away with Mr. Thos. S. Lyon who had come to the funeral, and spent a couple of weeks at Aughnacloy, his home on Spruce Creek. They were the weeks we had planned to spend there together.

But the work must go on, though the workers die. I returned to the city, and sought comfort in the diligent and earnest prosecution of my work. I found a boarding-place at Mr. and Mrs. John Brown's (Miss Agnes Brown's parents) at 133 West Seventh Street, between Race and Elm, which was my home till the first of January, 1869. There was a recrudescence of the cholera in the late autumn; and I was stricken with it myself and laid aside for a couple of weeks. Through the mercy of God I soon recovered; and by the middle of October was hard at work,—but alas! working alone!

It may well be believed that those first two years of my Cincinnati ministry were exceedingly trying; and I could not but feel that I was not

making much headway. But in 1868 and 1869 our church affairs began to improve. The coming of the Rev. C. L. Thompson to the First Presbyterian Church, with whom and whose family I soon became quite intimate, was a great comfort and help to me. The years 1868-69-70 were years of great external prosperity in the Central Church. But, as I have come to review them in after years, it has seemed to me that they were not the most spiritually profitable years of my ministry.

It was in March, 1868, that I first met the children's mother, Miss Louise Esther Freer, of Chicago. She had been a schoolmate of Mrs. C. L. Thompson; and it was at their house that I first met her. She was visiting the Thompsons with a Miss Jennie Norton of Chicago. In personal appearance Miss Norton was the more attractive of the two girls. Miss Freer needed to be known to be esteemed and loved. This I soon discovered. And though I shrank from any matrimonial alliance, my judgment said it was imperative, if I was to remain a pastor; and my heart went out to her in an unexpected tide of affection. I soon found she was interested in me; and before she returned to Chicago we were engaged.

Meanwhile my work went on in the church and city. The Rev. A. A. E. Taylor came to Cincinnati in 1869, and became the pastor of the

Mount Auburn Presbyterian Church. Both he and Mr. Thompson were afflicted (!) not a little with *Cacoethes scribendi*,—"the itch for writing,"—for the public prints. It was but natural therefore that in a little while we young and congenial pastors, all in new fields, should be reaching out to a wider influence. And so it came about that we began to discuss the scheme, and plan for the establishment, of a new literary magazine specially adapted to the Presbyterian Church. The plan originated with Thompson, heartily seconded by Taylor; and my name was added to make up the triumvirate. We were not then burdened with the "semi-lunars."

My own thoughts were just then much more on my approaching marriage. This event occurred on the 26th of October, 1869, at No. 247 Michigan Ave., Chicago, at 6 o'clock in the morning, my friend and hers, the Rev. C. L. Thompson solemnizing the ceremony.

After a week's visit with my parents in Crawfordsville, we returned to the city, and to our rooms in the Carlisle House whither I had removed on the first of January, 1869, and where we remained till we went to housekeeping in May, 1870. We had a busy winter before us. The Magazine Company had been organized on the 4th of October, with Messrs. C. L. Thompson, A. A. E. Taylor and O. A. Hills as editors, and W. C. Gray, afterwards of *The Interior*, as publisher.

This business of starting *Our Monthly* gave us a good deal of extra work,—so much in fact that after two years we were quite willing to let somebody else mount the editorial tripod; and we sold the magazine to Martien, of Philadelphia.

On the 28th of November, 1869, the Rev. E. P. Hammond, the Evangelist, came, on the invitation of the Presbyterian Ministers, to conduct special services. We began with a great children's meeting in my church which was crowded with over 1200 people, and thousands were turned away. The meetings went on for most of the winter, and several thousand persons were added to the churches. The Central church received about seventy-five. The results proved that the best work was done in the churches, which by prayer and personal work made the most thorough preparation for it. I think, too, that the most permanent influences for good were set agoing among people who did not get to the central meetings. In the Central church the results, I am sorry to say, were largely transient and superficial.

The failure of A. E. Chamberlain and Company in the summer of 1870, with the subsequent trial of A. E. C. himself by our Session, from a worldly point of view had a disastrous effect on our church, and speedily drove away the worldly and fashionable element of the congregation. The firm was a large stove manufacturing establish-

ment. In the carrying on of their business they needed at certain times large amounts of money, which they obtained on loans from the banks by the use of accommodation notes, chiefly of two firms in the city, in the same line of business, and largely dependent on them.

The case against Mr. Chamberlain was this:—The firm had to raise over \$100,000.00 in August, September and October of 1870. They evidently divided this amount into twenty-four parts, of uneven sums, all over \$3000, and all under \$5000. Then getting these auxiliary firms to sign accommodation notes or acceptances for these amounts, which Chamberlain and Company endorsed, they obtained the money from the banks on them,—the bankers very naturally getting the impression that these notes were genuine business paper, *i.e.*, that they represented the obligations of these firms for goods, stoves, etc., actually bought of the stove company; whereas, as a matter of fact, the notes did not stand for any business at all.

One firm's acceptances, maturing in August, 1870, consisted of five notes, all for odd amounts, ranging from three to four thousand dollars, thus,—\$3512.15. \$3493.17, \$3514.18, \$3542.12, \$3468.38, or in all \$17,530. Maturing in September, 1870, there were also five notes equally odd in amounts, and of the same general size, viz.—\$3537.28. \$3418.42, \$3455.12. \$3562.00,

\$3527.18, or \$17,500. At the same time the acceptances of the other firm,—a much larger establishment,—maturing in August, 1870, consisted of five notes, also equally odd in amounts and ranging from four to five thousand dollars, viz.—\$4522.50, \$4686.16, \$4734.08, \$4883.12, \$4674.14, or \$23,500.00. Maturing in September, 1870, there were five notes of similar amounts, viz.—\$4653.25, \$4656.26, \$4723.14, \$4593.22, \$4874.13, or \$23,500.00. There were also four notes maturing in October, 1870, of the same kind and of the same firm, viz.—\$4627.10, \$4623.74, \$4622.37, \$4626.79, or \$18,500.00. There were also two notes of the Chamberlain firm's Chicago branch house, viz.:—\$4487.63, \$4512.37, or \$9000,—the total sum for which provision was thus made being \$109,530.00.

It is evident that if these notes had been for even three, four, or five thousand dollars the bankers would have suspected at once that they were accommodation notes, and would have known that Chamberlain and Company alone would ultimately have to meet them. The firm would undoubtedly have failed to get the money therefore; and they succeeded, as the bankers claimed, only by these false representations. Difficult as the task was, they must have divided the sum total in this uneven way with deliberate intent to deceive.

In his defense Mr. Chamberlain, admitting that

a large part of each of these notes was accommodation paper, contended that their uneven character was due, not to any deliberate plan to deceive, but to the fact that the bona-fide sales to the firms, whose the notes were had been added from time to time to the even sums. This explanation was obviously and totally inadequate. There would not be one chance in fifty thousand that these odd sums, in any one case, would foot up just an even aggregate! But the adequacy of the defense required the Court adjudicating the case to believe that just this thing did happen, not once alone, but no less than six times in the course of six months!

The conclusion was irresistible. The firm needed so much money. They could never get it on accommodation paper. Therefore they planned to get it by making their accommodation paper so much like business paper that the bankers would be deceived and let them have the money. Mr. Chamberlain was the head of the firm, and managed the financial part of the business; and was therefore chiefly responsible. The Session could reach but one conclusion. They found him guilty of obtaining money under false pretences.

He should have been suspended from the communion of the church. But he had been one of my best friends. The clear analysis of the firm's business statement prepared for their creditors had not at that time been made; and it did not

seem to me that the oral testimony made clear the fact that what Mr. C. represented to be business paper was not such. I did not see, therefore, that a deliberate purpose of fraud had been made out, while it was clear enough that he ran unwarrantable risks of not being able to repay his large loans. And so it came about that, through my influence exerted in friendship for him, the Session only reprimanded him. He appealed to Presbytery; and largely because of our illogical sentence, for which I was responsible, Presbytery *pro forma* sustained his appeal, but removed him from the eldership. Soon after he removed his membership to the Avondale church.

The merits of the case were not easily comprehended by the great body of our congregation. And many believed, and I presume do to this day, that it was simply a quarrel among the church officers, which the pastor had not backbone enough to put his foot on and stamp out. It was a great sorrow to me, and disadvantage in losing the influence and support of our most prominent member and elder; and of course it greatly damaged my influence and prestige in the city, as well as the position of the church. I wrought away, however, for seven years more with a fair degree of success; but the church never recovered its former position.

I have dwelt longer than is perhaps needful upon this case, because it was, outside of our

domestic sorrows, the greatest trial of my ministry. In my first pastorate I thought the old psalmody quarrel was the greatest difficulty a minister could possibly encounter in his official duties. But it was nothing to the trial of A. E. Chamberlain. On a calm review of the whole case, after thirty-five years, I do not see that we could have done differently. It was of the Lord to blast our unspiritual prosperity; and I am sure I became a better man and abler minister, and the church a more spiritual and living church, as the result of this great affliction.

While these trying things were developing in the church, our family life moved on in sweet and quiet ways. We had gone to housekeeping on the 27th of May, 1870, at No. 302 W. 8th St., between John and Mound, next door east of the school house. Here, at 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening, December 20th, 1870, our first born son came to gladden our home. Our physician, Dr. John A. Murphy was my personal friend, and but two years before had united with the church on profession; and we named our little boy for him, John Murphy. He was a bright, precocious child, and had been lent to us for but a little while. On the 8th of March, 1871, the Lord took him home to Himself. Then we realized the peculiar and profound sorrow of parents over the loss of a first-born.

As thus the spring months opened in circum-

stances of trial and sadness, so the autumn closed in under a pall of great darkness. The great Chicago fire occurred in October of that year. It was a week of terrible anxiety, while we waited for several days for some tidings, not knowing but that Louise's family and home were gone. Through the mercy of God, the fire passed just west and north of the family residence; while all her father's business property was consumed. Happily he had means to rebuild; and on the whole I think his material interests were furthered rather than damaged by the fire. But for the time it seemed a great family calamity, and made the year 1871 memorable, as were the closing months of the year before, for its sadness.

But God turned our sorrow into joy. On the 14th of February, 1872, at 5 o'clock, Wednesday morning, a precious little valentine came to our home, when our dear daughter Miriam was born, —so named by Mamma Louise herself, in memory of the loved one so strangely translated six years before. She was a fair, frail sweet child, exceedingly bright and beautiful. And, when two and a half years later, at 7 P.M. Thursday, October 29th, 1874, her brother, Edward Rowland came, our joy was full. The children were very fond of each other. How often Miriam wanted "a soft," *i.e.*, a kiss on her brother's chubby cheek! How often Mamma would say of Edward, "My loving, sunny boy!"

On the 5th of October, 1875, we removed from 302 to 574 W. 8th St., just west of Freeman. We needed more room and less rent, and secured both; but it was farther from the church and in a less desirable neighborhood. In this house, at 5 P.M. Wednesday, December 26th, 1877, our dear little Daisy Louise was born. Her mother's health was not very good during this winter; and our poor little daughter was an invalid almost from her birth.

During the same winter, and when Daisy was but a month old, we were summoned to Chicago to the death-bed of Louise's mother. This took place on the 31st of January, 1878. In the early part of the month I had visited and preached in the North Presbyterian church of Allegheny; but, such were our domestic sorrows, I gave little heed to the course of events outside the home.

I had been elected a Trustee of Lane Seminary soon after the union of the Old and New School Churches and later also of Wabash College, which institution at the same time, in 1876, had conferred on me the Doctorate,—the second or third of her Alumni to be so honored. During these years of our residence on lower 8th St., I had received tentative overtures from the Eighth Presbyterian Church of Chicago, and from the Jefferson Avenue Church of Detroit. Some of my friends in the Directory of the Western Theological Seminary wished me to become Professor

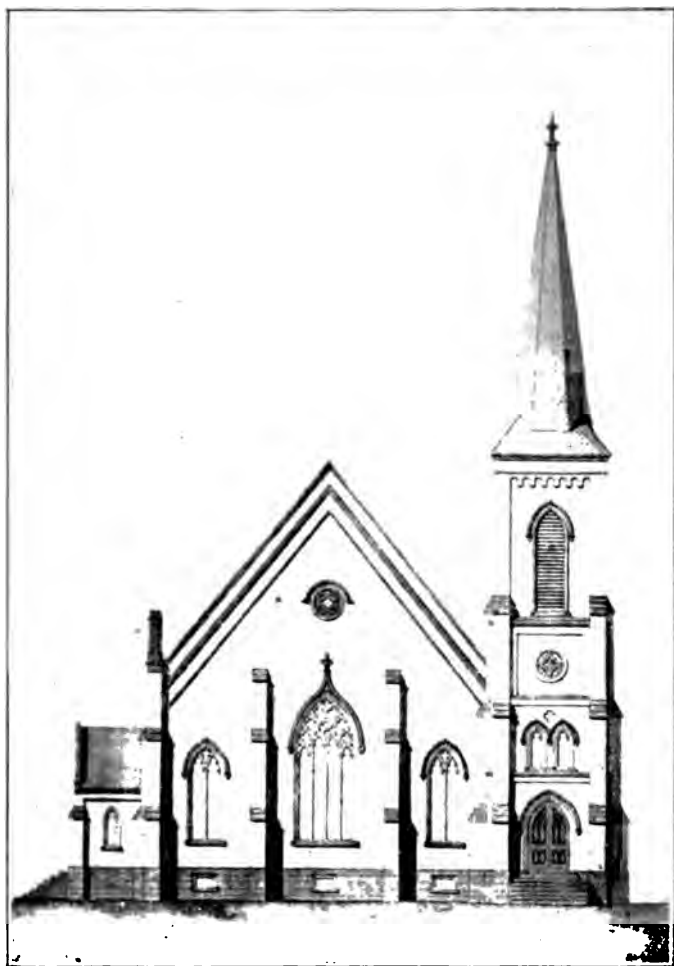
of Homiletics in that Institution; and the Rev. Dr. Beatty, the President, wrote me urging the matter. During my last winter in Cincinnati, and in the spring of 1879, a strong effort was made to put me into the same position in Lane Seminary. I have been told that the effort failed by one vote, the Rev. Dr. Eells, my competitor, being chosen.

I was a good deal unsettled, and not unwilling to make a change. I had been in Cincinnati since 1865, and was now in my thirteenth year. The congregation was changing a good deal, under the influence of the movement now on in great force towards the suburbs; and, while the numbers of our membership, notwithstanding this constant depletion, were within fifty of what they were when I began my ministry, there had been no growth; and in point of wealth, position and influence there had been a great falling off.

When, therefore, on the 13th of March, 1878, a call was made out for me from the North Presbyterian Church of Allegheny, Pa., I decided to accept it. We left a sorrowing people. Never have I known such demonstrations of affection. The last service I attended in the Central Church was a prayer-meeting on the 12th anniversary of my installation, April 24th, 1878, twelve and a half years from the beginning of my ministry. I think every member of the church, present at that service, men and women, old and young.

kissed me affectionately good-bye! Cincinnati was and is an awfully wicked city; but God has always kept some of His choicest saints there, "where Satan's seat is," and some of the very elite among them were my old Central Church members! Peace be upon Thine Israel evermore!

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NORTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN 1878
Allegheny, Pa.

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

6-11-1935, 7 N. E. 1st St., Okla. City, Okla.
 1935-1936, 1937-1938, 1939-1940, 1941-1942, 1943-1944, 1945-1946, 1947-1948, 1949-1950, 1951-1952, 1953-1954, 1955-1956, 1957-1958, 1959-1960, 1961-1962, 1963-1964, 1965-1966, 1967-1968, 1969-1970, 1971-1972, 1973-1974, 1975-1976, 1977-1978, 1979-1980, 1981-1982, 1983-1984, 1985-1986, 1987-1988, 1989-1990, 1991-1992, 1993-1994, 1995-1996, 1997-1998, 1999-2000, 2001-2002, 2003-2004, 2005-2006, 2007-2008, 2009-2010, 2011-2012, 2013-2014, 2015-2016, 2017-2018, 2019-2020, 2021-2022, 2023-2024, 2025-2026, 2027-2028, 2029-2030, 2031-2032, 2033-2034, 2035-2036, 2037-2038, 2039-2040, 2041-2042, 2043-2044, 2045-2046, 2047-2048, 2049-2050, 2051-2052, 2053-2054, 2055-2056, 2057-2058, 2059-2060, 2061-2062, 2063-2064, 2065-2066, 2067-2068, 2069-2070, 2071-2072, 2073-2074, 2075-2076, 2077-2078, 2079-2080, 2081-2082, 2083-2084, 2085-2086, 2087-2088, 2089-2090, 2091-2092, 2093-2094, 2095-2096, 2097-2098, 2099-2100, 2101-2102, 2103-2104, 2105-2106, 2107-2108, 2109-2110, 2111-2112, 2113-2114, 2115-2116, 2117-2118, 2119-2120, 2121-2122, 2123-2124, 2125-2126, 2127-2128, 2129-2130, 2131-2132, 2133-2134, 2135-2136, 2137-2138, 2139-2140, 2141-2142, 2143-2144, 2145-2146, 2147-2148, 2149-2150, 2151-2152, 2153-2154, 2155-2156, 2157-2158, 2159-2160, 2161-2162, 2163-2164, 2165-2166, 2167-2168, 2169-2170, 2171-2172, 2173-2174, 2175-2176, 2177-2178, 2179-2180, 2181-2182, 2183-2184, 2185-2186, 2187-2188, 2189-2190, 2191-2192, 2193-2194, 2195-2196, 2197-2198, 2199-2200, 2201-2202, 2203-2204, 2205-2206, 2207-2208, 2209-2210, 2211-2212, 2213-2214, 2215-2216, 2217-2218, 2219-2220, 2221-2222, 2223-2224, 2225-2226, 2227-2228, 2229-2230, 2231-2232, 2233-2234, 2235-2236, 2237-2238, 2239-2240, 2241-2242, 2243-2244, 2245-2246, 2247-2248, 2249-2250, 2251-2252, 2253-2254, 2255-2256, 2257-2258, 2259-2260, 2261-2262, 2263-2264, 2265-2266, 2267-2268, 2269-2270, 2271-2272, 2273-2274, 2275-2276, 2277-2278, 2279-2280, 2281-2282, 2283-2284, 2285-2286, 2287-2288, 2289-2290, 2291-2292, 2293-2294, 2295-2296, 2297-2298, 2299-2300, 2301-2302, 2303-2304, 2305-2306, 2307-2308, 2309-2310, 2311-2312, 2313-2314, 2315-2316, 2317-2318, 2319-2320, 2321-2322, 2323-2324, 2325-2326, 2327-2328, 2329-2330, 2331-2332, 2333-2334, 2335-2336, 2337-2338, 2339-2340, 2341-2342, 2343-2344, 2345-2346, 2347-2348, 2349-2350, 2351-2352, 2353-2354, 2355-2356, 2357-2358, 2359-2360, 2361-2362, 2363-2364, 2365-2366, 2367-2368, 2369-2370, 2371-2372, 2373-2374, 2375-2376, 2377-2378, 2379-2380, 2381-2382, 2383-2384, 2385-2386, 2387-2388, 2389-2390, 2391-2392, 2393-2394, 2395-2396, 2397-2398, 2399-2400, 2401-2402, 2403-2404, 2405-2406, 2407-2408, 2409-2410, 2411-2412, 2413-2414, 2415-2416, 2417-2418, 2419-2420, 2421-2422, 2423-2424, 2425-2426, 2427-2428, 2429-2430, 2431-2432, 2433-2434, 2435-2436, 2437-2438, 2439-2440, 2441-2442, 2443-2444, 2445-2446, 2447-2448, 2449-2450, 2451-2452, 2453-2454, 2455-2456, 2457-2458, 2459-2460, 2461-2462, 2463-2464, 2465-2466, 2467-2468, 2469-2470, 2471-2472, 2473-2474, 2475-2476, 2477-2478, 2479-2480, 2481-2482, 2483-2484, 2485-2486, 2487-2488, 2489-2490, 2491-2492, 2493-2494, 2495-2496, 2497-2498, 2499-2500, 2501-2502, 2503-2504, 2505-2506, 2507-2508, 2509-2510, 2511-2512, 2513-2514, 2515-2516, 2517-2518, 2519-2520, 2521-2522, 2523-2524, 2525-2526, 2527-2528, 2529-2530, 2531-2532, 2533-2534, 2535-2536, 2537-2538, 2539-2540, 2541-2542, 2543-2544, 2545-2546, 2547-2548, 2549-2550, 2551-2552, 2553-2554, 2555-2556, 2557-2558, 2559-2560, 2561-2562, 2563-2564, 2565-2566, 2567-2568, 2569-2570, 2571-2572, 2573-2574, 2575-2576, 2577-2578, 2579-2580, 2581-2582, 2583-2584, 2585-2586, 2587-2588, 2589-2590, 2591-2592, 2593-2594, 2595-2596, 2597-2598, 2599-2600, 2601-2602, 2603-2604, 2605-2606, 2607-2608, 2609-2610, 2611-2612, 2613-2614, 2615-2616, 2617-2618, 2619-2620, 2621-2622, 2623-2624, 2625-2626, 2627-2628, 2629-2630, 2631-2632, 2633-2634, 2635-2636, 2637-2638, 2639-2640, 2641-2642, 2643-2644, 2645-2646, 2647-2648, 2649-2650, 2651-2652, 2653-2654, 2655-2656, 2657-2658, 2659-2660, 2661-2662, 2663-2664, 2665-2666, 2667-2668, 2669-2670, 2671-2672

The New York Presbyterian Church is the only member of a denomination that has taken the Reformation's Anabaptist legacy seriously. The New Covenant Church, which merged with the Episcopal Church in 1969 to form the Episcopal Church in the United States of America, is the only member of a denomination that has taken the Reformation's Anabaptist legacy seriously.

any such behavior, and that he was not a member of the Communist Party. After he received the letter from the Western Transportation Society, he wrote back saying that he had no objection to the company's investigation and would cooperate with the company in the investigation. He also indicated that he was not a member of the Communist Party.



CHAPTER VII.

NORTH CHURCH, ALLEGHENY.



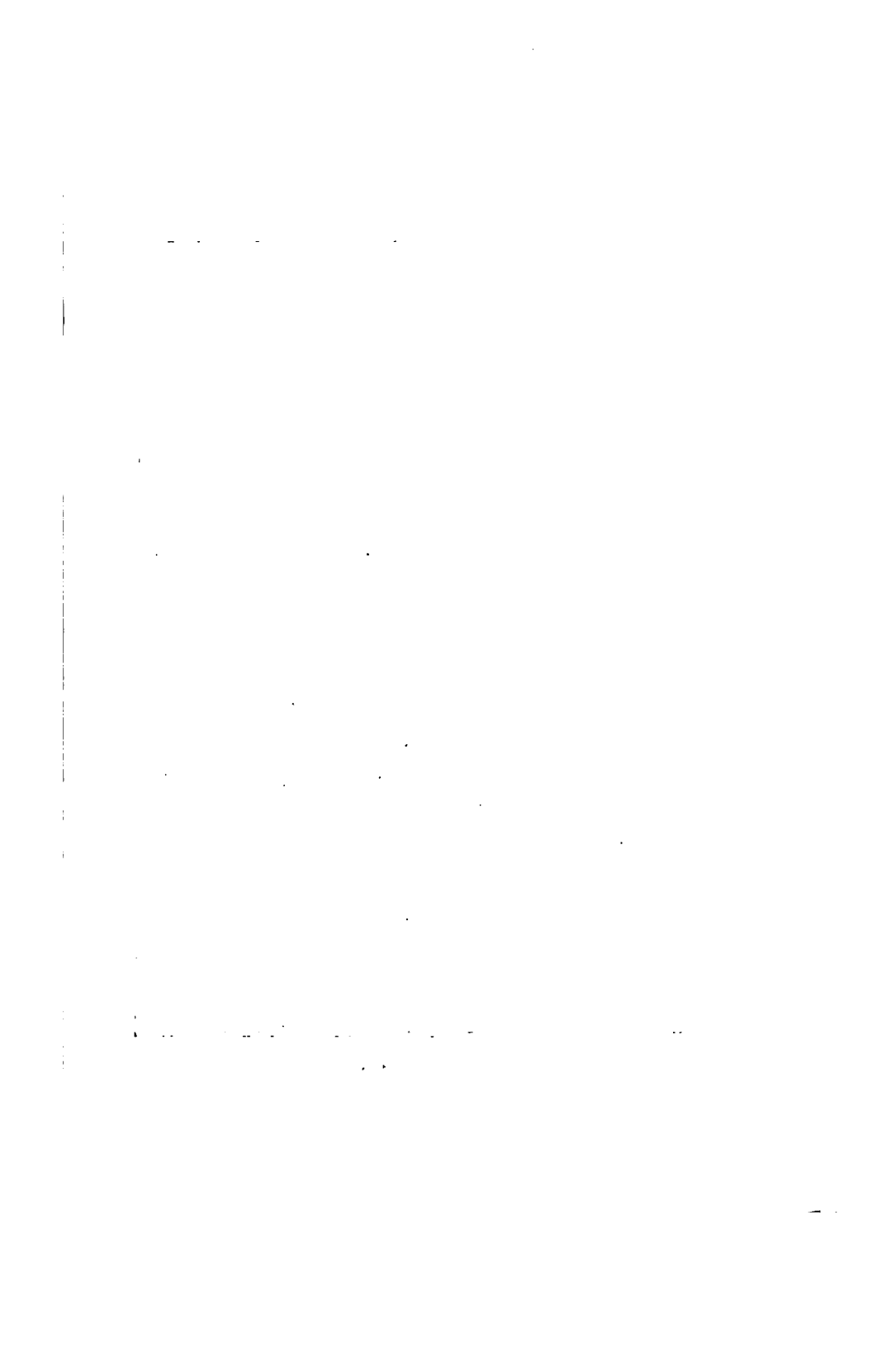
N Friday evening, May 3d, 1878, our little family, with the dear invalid baby, gathered in our new home at 244 Western Avenue, Allegheny. We had with us, also, Jennie Higgins, the Irish girl who came to us six years before, when Miriam was a baby. On Sabbath morning, May 5th, I began my pastorate in the North Church,—the third of my ministry.

The North Presbyterian Church, corner of Lincoln and Grant avenues, was largely a creation of the Rev. Dr. A. A. Hodge. Originally it was a secession from the Central Church of those who could not endure Dr. Plumer's sympathies with the South in the Civil War. It did not flourish very much however, till Dr. Hodge took hold of it soon after he became Professor of Theology in the Western Theological Seminary. His preaching drew together a large number of the educated, cultured, and wealthy people of the North Side; and the church soon became one of the most influential in Allegheny. To follow such a man

in such a church was not an easy task; and I was handicapped here, as in the beginning of my Cincinnati ministry, by domestic affliction. There it was a dear wife in slow decline; here it was a dear child. Still Louise and I went courageously to work and soon had the satisfaction of feeling that our labor was not in vain. Dr. Hodge was a prince of preachers, as well as of theologians; but his preaching was too often above the heads of many of his people. For the first six months of my pastorate I preached to more sleeping people than in all my ministry. It distressed me not a little. I could not honestly ascribe it to my dull sermons, for as soon as the people found they could understand me they remained awake! So I came to think it must have been a heritage from the profound discourses of my predecessor! But it was not till three years had passed away that I felt that I had conquered my position. The long pastorate of a distinguished man renders it exceedingly difficult for his successor to "get in" and receive the hearty recognition which a pastor ought to have if he is to do his people any good.

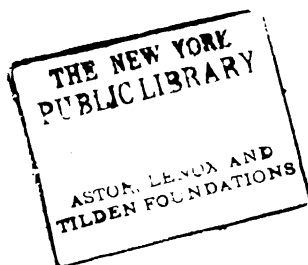
Our whole brief sojourn in Allegheny was one of mingled joy and sorrow. To Miriam it was memorable in that she began her school-life here, starting into school in September 1878, in the Fifth Ward school house, which was on the same block with our own house.

In the autumn of 1878 came the Golden Wed-





APRIL 29, 1879



ding of my father and mother, on the 18th of November, at Crawfordsville, Indiana. On account of Daisy's health Louise could not go. I took Miriam and Edward, and, going via Cincinnati,—where I solemnized the marriage of Miss Flora Wade and E. D. Young,—we arrived at Crawfordsville on the 15th. On Sabbath (17th) I preached an anniversary sermon in the First Church; and the Golden Wedding came on Monday evening. The sermon was afterwards published, with some family memoranda. It was a singular coincidence that the children and grandchildren and the wives of the sons numbered just fifty persons at the end of the fifty years. Just half of these (25) were present at the Golden Wedding, with a host of other friends. It was a time of great gladness; and my father and mother particularly enjoyed it to the utmost.

From this scene of joy the children and I hurried home, for we were very anxious about Daisy. The frail flower drooped with the progress of the winter; and at 5 A.M., February 5th, 1879, she closed her beautiful eyes to open them on the eternal morning. We buried her in lovely Spring Grove beside the little brother whom we had laid there seven years before.

Another trying event, of a different character, but distressing, took place a month later. Louise's father was married a second time on the 11th of March, 1879. The children at home were very

much opposed to the match; and the family broke up over it, the children leaving the house: and for a long time they remained irreconcilable. It was not pleasant for Louise; but she saw that some other arrangement for her father's comfort was imperative. The lady, too, whom he was to marry, was of an old Chicago family, herself an elderly maiden lady of irreproachable character. So we decided to make the best of it, and went to the wedding, which was solemnized by the Rev. Dr. Arthur Mitchell, then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, I being an assistant. None of the other four children was present.

A few weeks after our return from Chicago, we removed from 244 Western Ave. to the house then recently occupied by Mr. George A. Kelly, one of our members, at 186 Fayette St., which was our home for the remainder of our stay in Allegheny. Here, at 3.30 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, November 22d, 1879, our third little boy, Oscar, came to bless our home, and fill our hearts so empty since the death of Daisy. And when sixteen months later, in the same house, at 8 P.M. Saturday, February 19th, 1881, his brother Thomas joined him for this earthly pilgrimage, we felt that our hearts and hands were full. It was indeed too much for their mother. We secured a special nurse for Thomas, as Jennie's hands were full with the care of Oscar, and the older children. So Mrs. Annie S. May came to

live with us, and remained till we left Allegheny for California.

Sandwiched in between these dawning lives came the shadow of death. A few weeks before the birth of my youngest son, I was summoned to the death-bed of my beloved mother. She passed away at Crawfordsville, on the 29th of January, 1881. How soon the joys of Golden Weddings are dimmed by the severed bonds of half-a-century. My feelings on the death of my mother are indescribable. The charm of the old home was gone; and, though for years father survived, and my sister, too, as she does still, the place was never the same. The children, coming from near and far, were gathered in an unbroken circle around her grave. We have never been all of us together since, now twenty-four years.

I could not linger long even in the old home, for Louise was in poor health. The cares of too frequent maternity, added to the weakness of her lungs, soon greatly enfeebled her constitution; and made it clear to me that she could not safely endure the severity of the Allegheny winters. Her father cordially seconded my desire and purpose to do all that could be done to ward off the evil day. He would not that we should spare any expense to accomplish this end. After much anxious and prayerful consideration of the subject, I proposed that I resign my charge, and that we should go to Santa Barbara, California. I

confess I came to this decision with great reluctance in view of my evident growth to a position of commanding importance and influence. Louise, too, for a long time would not hear to it; and could not be made to believe that her condition as yet required such a sacrifice. But as the spring of 1881 came on, it became more and more evident that this was the thing to do. I therefore resigned on the 3d of April; and Presbytery took favorable action on the 12th, the resignation at the request of the Session to take effect on the 1st of June.

We remained in Allegheny till the 11th of August, preparing for our long journey,—auctioning off all our furniture, and sending my books to Crawfordsville. We left Allegheny in the afternoon of August 11th,—with not a soul to see us off, due partly to the absence of many from the city, and partly to the fact that the exact time of our going was not generally known. As I climbed into my berth, after leaving Alliance that night, I was overwhelmed with the present care and future prospect. It was for but a little time. Those sweet promises came to my recollection,—“I know their sorrows,” and “He careth for you,” and I went to sleep with the refrain ringing in my ears. “He knows and He cares.”

We remained a week or more in Chicago, during which I went down to Crawfordsville and set up my books on their shelves in father’s par-

lor. Then we went on to Topeka, Kansas, for a little rest and visit with Mr. and Mrs. Thos. S. Lyon,—who had recently removed from Pennsylvania to that city. At 2 o'clock A.M. on the 30th of August, we (Louise and I, with the four children, and Jennie) started across the continent, and pulled into Los Angeles on Friday, September 2d, at 5 P.M. We were soon domiciled at the old Pico House, where we remained a week for Louise,—who had kept her berth most of the way across the continent,—to recuperate. But I was anxious to get settled for her sake; and we left Los Angeles on the 9th, by the only way then available, *i.e.*, via railroad to San Pedro Bay, and thence by steamer to Santa Barbara. Louise fainted twice *en route*, she was so weak, once on the cars and again on the steamer: but we finally reached Santa Barbara in safety at 11.30 the night of the 9th; and by midnight were resting in our rooms at the Arlington.

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CHAPTER VIII.

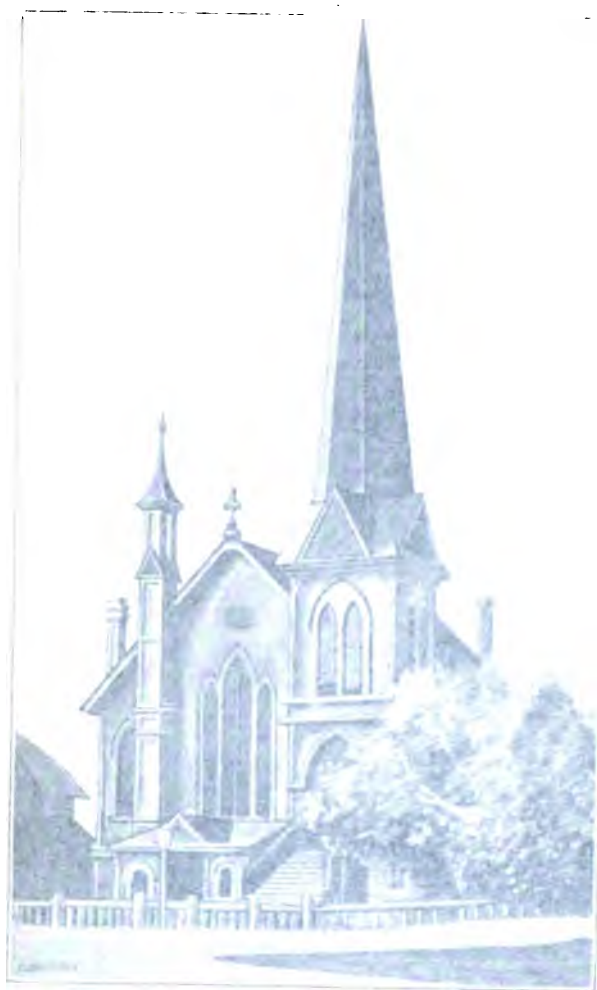
LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.



ANTA BARBARA is the "Gem of the Pacific Coast." So I thought twenty years ago; and a more recent view of it in close comparison with other places along the great ocean did not alter my judgment. Certainly I have nowhere seen such a combination of mountain and sea in one view. If one stands in front of the Mission, after a day of rain, and looks down over the little city and the channel beyond, he will have a prospect worthy to be compared with the world-renowned Bay of Naples. The islands, four in number, thirty miles off, do not seem to be more than five miles distant; and they apparently close in the entire horizon, except a little narrow opening off to the southeast. The waters are as blue as those of the Salernian Bay at Amalfi. The city is beautifully located on a slope running from the Mission on the foot-hills of the Santa Inez mountain range down to the beach, whose gigantic curve opens toward the southeast. Geographically Santa Barbara lies at about the center of that part

of the California coast which runs for nearly one hundred miles almost due east from Point Conception. Its location, therefore, is not unlike that of the towns of the Riviera, in having a mountain range to shield it from the north wind, and a wide expanse of southern sea.

On those bright and balmy September days, with no wintry blasts in prospect, it seemed an ideal place for an invalid. And, soon after our arrival,—and Louise had had time to rest and get a little stronger, we began to look around for a permanent stopping-place. This we found, after a few days, at the home of a Mrs. Giddings on Garden street, only a few blocks from the Arlington Hotel. She had about thirty other boarders, rooming in the neighborhood; but our family was the only one having rooms in her house; and we had her entire second floor, consisting of four rooms. The first thing Papa did was to make a little gate at the head of the stairs, to keep “the twins,” as we called Oscar and Tom, they were so nearly one size, from tumbling down to the first floor. Miriam and Edward at once started into school (it was his first full year); and now, with no household cares, and Jennie to take charge of the little boys, and with Chief, a safe old horse from the livery, always at our command, we promised ourselves idyllic days. And indeed the winter brought us many such, for Louise began immediately to improve; and I came to think that



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF SANTA BARBARA, CAL. IN 1931

of the coast which runs for miles on a level, and is just due west from Port Louis. Its waters are deep, and its shores are steep and high.

It was a fine day, and in having a view of the coast, and of the other world of the island, we were not sorry to be there.

At last, about half-past five, we began to see the houses of the people of the island.

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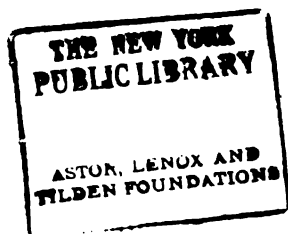
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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF SANTA BARBARA, CAL., IN 1881



she might get almost if not entirely well,—especially as she found among our fellow-boarders an excellent lady-physician who helped her very much.

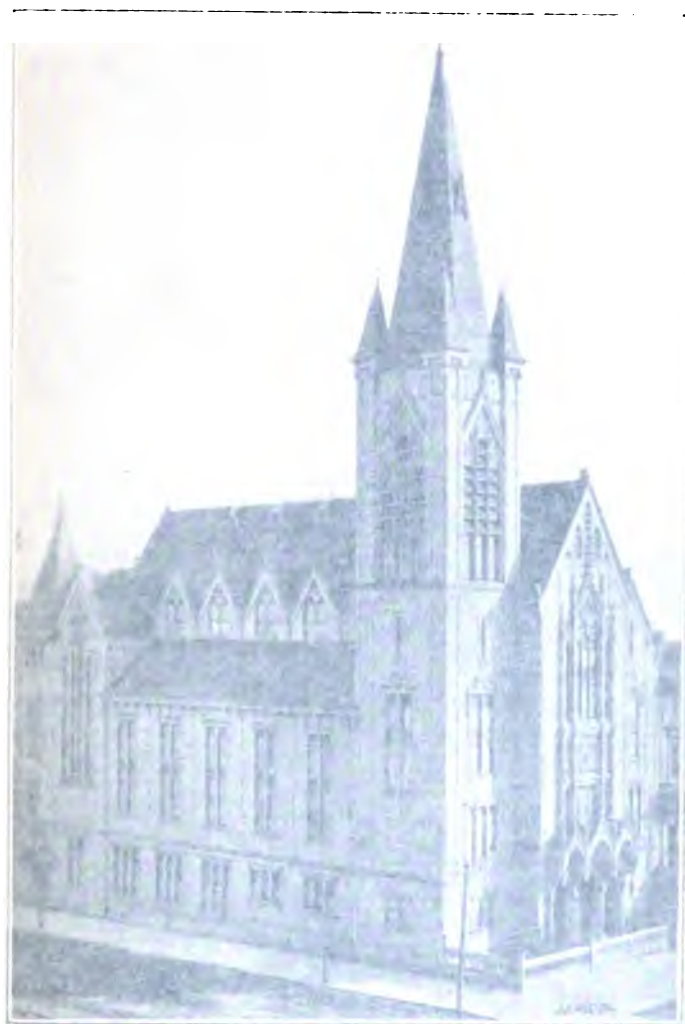
We were not settled more than a few weeks, when the elders of the little Presbyterian church besought me to take charge of the congregation. They were being supplied, but not very acceptably. They had but one Sabbath service, a mid-week afternoon prayer-meeting, and a Sabbath school. I thought the charge would not be burdensome; and, with the understanding that I should be free to leave whenever my wife's condition might seem to require it, I consented to supply them at the rate of \$600 per annum! I think I did the people some good in a spiritual way; and certainly succeeded in delivering them from the thralldom of a \$2500 church debt.

My work for the winter was chiefly the re-writing and preparing for the press some lectures originally written for the Central Church of Cincinnati. They were published in 1883 by Randolph, with the title "Companion Characters." There were fifteen of these lectures; and the preparation of them occupied my mornings from the 31st of October, 1881, to the 1st of April, 1882. We spent the afternoons in driving; and in the evenings I read, first to Louise, Miriam and Edward, and later to Louise alone. These were very happy days! Would that they could have con-

tinued indefinitely! But alas! when were halcyon days long drawn out!

The beautiful climate of Santa Barbara will wear out. It was so in the summer of 1882. As it came near to the close of our first year in California, Louise began to lose her appetite and run down. In the middle of that summer also,—July 30, 1882,—our good Jennie left us to return to her Indiana home to be married. She had lived with us nearly ten years and a half, *i.e.*, since the 6th of February, 1872. Another Irish girl, Katie Hughes by name, took her place, and remained in care of “the twins,” till our own sad return east. Our physician thought a little more bracing atmosphere might be helpful to Louise.

In the autumn of 1882 the Synod of the Pacific met at Napa. While returning thence, and stopping over Sabbath in San Francisco, I was invited to preach in the First Presbyterian Church. The congregation had recently sold their house of worship to our Board of Foreign Missions for the use of the Chinese Mission; and it so happened that my sermon that morning, October 15th, 1882, was the last English sermon in the old church. On my return to Santa Barbara, an invitation followed me to supply that church indefinitely. During the winter before I had been invited to preach in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco for a month “with a view.” But I did not think it likely that they



FRANCIS L. B. TIER AT CHURCH
CAMPBELL, 1880



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
San Francisco, Cal.

would call me, and I was sure I could not accept even if they did. And, as I did not think it right to flirt with them, I declined to go. But this invitation, of such a nature that I could accept, and from one of our own churches, and affording the opportunity we desired to test the efficiency of a more bracing climate, came to us with such persuasive power that I was constrained to accept.

We left Santa Barbara with genuine regret. The church was beginning to look up; and there were growing evidences of a deepening of the spiritual life. I have sometimes wondered if I did not, there, as at Spruce Creek, run away from a gracious visitation. But here, as there, the well-being of a loved one seemed to require it.

We left Santa Barbara on Thanksgiving Day, 1882, (our coming and going at Santa Barbara, in those days, were governed by the coast steamers' schedules), and were soon established in a suite of rooms as our home at "The Abbotsford," a family hotel in the northwest quarter of the city, and but three or four blocks from the proposed site of the new First Church.

For nearly a year I preached in a Hall, over some meat markets, on the corner of Polk and Bush streets; and so held the little remnant of the old congregation together, till they were once more safely housed in the new church, on the corner of Sacramento street and Van Ness avenue. This took place on the first Sabbath of No-

vember, 1883. Till then there was not much opportunity for growth; and we were satisfied simply to keep the congregation from wholly disintegrating.

Meanwhile the change was accomplishing wonders for Louise. Not for five years had she been so well as during that first winter in San Francisco. So well and strong did she get, that we both thought we must make the city our home; and everything pointed to my being again settled in a position of importance and influence commensurate with those I had left in the east. I must therefore get my tools together, and be prepared, against the completion of the new church, for the best and hardest work of my ministry.

So, in July, 1883, I came east for my library, spending a few days in Chicago, Crawfordsville, and Cincinnati. After re-packing and shipping my books, I left the east on my return journey on the 20th of July. I shall never forget the pathetic picture of my old father standing in the front door of the old home, watching the omnibus rolling off. He doubtless thought he should never see me again. Ah! how little we know of the joy or the sorrow in store for us in this world!

I reached San Francisco on the 31st of July, rejoicing to be once more with my loved ones. But a single glance told me Louise was not so well, and that I had made a mistake in going for

•

my books. She was beginning to break down again; and we had three months of chilling fogs ahead of us. There seemed no help for it. When my books came I unpacked them, and shelved them in the new First Church study, with many premonitions that I should never use them there.

But the work went on. The church was finished and occupied the first week in November. I preached and wrought through the holidays as earnestly as I could. Then came the mandate, imperative and terrible,—Louise must go to a milder climate, and get away as quickly as possible. So, in January I repacked my books, and shipped them to a storage warehouse in Los Angeles, where they remained till I sent for them to be shipped to Wooster. Among them were some copies of my "Companion Characters" just from the press. What cared I for them now, or any earthly position or reputation, if only I might care for and save my frail and suffering wife!

We left San Francisco on the 31st of January, 1884, going by railroad to Los Angeles, where we had three of the most uncomfortable weeks I ever spent in my life, at the St. Charles Hotel. It rained every day; and the streets were lakes of mud up to the wagon-hubs. It was a little city of about 10,000 people, and more like an overgrown village. Before the end of February we found a habitation at Mrs. Van Trees's on the corner of Court and Olive Streets, where we suc-

ceeded in getting five rooms,—in only one of which could we have a fire, as there were no flues to the others. But soon we began to feel more comfortable; and the balmy air of spring had some healing power for my darling's lungs. So, once more we were able to look up. Edward started into school. Miriam was really needed to help Katie,—“My Katie,” as Tom called her. Miriam and Edward had gotten nearly two years of schooling in Santa Barbara and San Francisco; but it was necessarily much to their disadvantage to be changing around among so many schools and different teachers.

The Rev. John W. Ellis, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, was chosen by his Presbytery as a delegate to the General Assembly, meeting that spring in Saratoga Springs. He wished also to visit some friends in the east at the same time; and so he asked me to supply his pulpit during the months of May and June. This I was glad to do, and greatly enjoyed the privilege of once more preaching the Gospel. But this was my last public service on the Pacific Coast.

By the Fourth of July it became evident that Louise was nearing the end of her earthly pilgrimage. At her request her father came out to Los Angeles, accompanied by “Aunt Nettie,” as the children called her. They arrived on the 18th, and left on the 22d. All her wishes as to earthly

things she settled then; and afterwards steadfastly turned her face toward heaven. She died at 1.50 P.M. Saturday, August 23d, 1884, being conscious up to 11 o'clock that morning, and then passed peacefully away. The funeral was held at the church in connection with the regular church service the next day, at Mr. Ellis's special request,—he conducting the services. The people were very kind to the strangers among them; and our hearts were comforted by their sympathy.

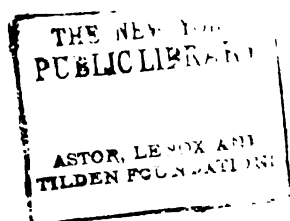
I wished to bury her by the side of her babes in Spring Grove; but, with so much to do to get ready for our journey, it was impossible to get away for three or four days. And, starting in the middle of the week, we could not get through without travelling on the Sabbath, which I was not willing to do. So, the dear body being embalmed, we took our time to pack our things and get ready.

On Monday evening, September 1st, we started with our beloved dead on that long sad journey across the continent. We went via Southern Pacific to Mojave Junction, where we spent a night in a sleeping car, the hotel having been burned a few days before. Here Katie, the kind-hearted, good soul, left us to return to San Francisco. Thenceforward I was left with my four motherless bairnies to journey to Cincinnati. Here, Chicago, Crawfordsville and Cincinnati friends took us in hand; and the awful strain was lifted a lit-

tle. We buried Mamma Louise by the side of Johnnie and Daisy.

Then, with broken spirit, I turned to find us a home. It was impossible to take charge of a church right away. I wanted to hide away and nurse for a time my unappeasable sorrow. I found a boarding-place, kept by a Miss Foster, in the old Dexter Mansion, on the northeast corner of Fourth and Broadway. Then I sent for Mrs. May; but pending her arrival we visited Dayton, Crawfordsville and Chicago. Soon after our return Mrs. May came to take some of the care of the children. Miriam and Edward entered Bartholemew's School in the neighborhood; and I passed a quiet winter trying to rest, and waiting on God. In the course of the winter I preached for a month each to the congregations of the Central and Fifth churches.

In January, 1885, I spent a week with my old friend, Rev. Dr. C. L. Thompson in Kansas City. Later in the same month I visited Wooster, on the invitation of the Session of the First Church, and preached for them two Sabbaths with a view to becoming the pastor; and soon after I received a call from this people.





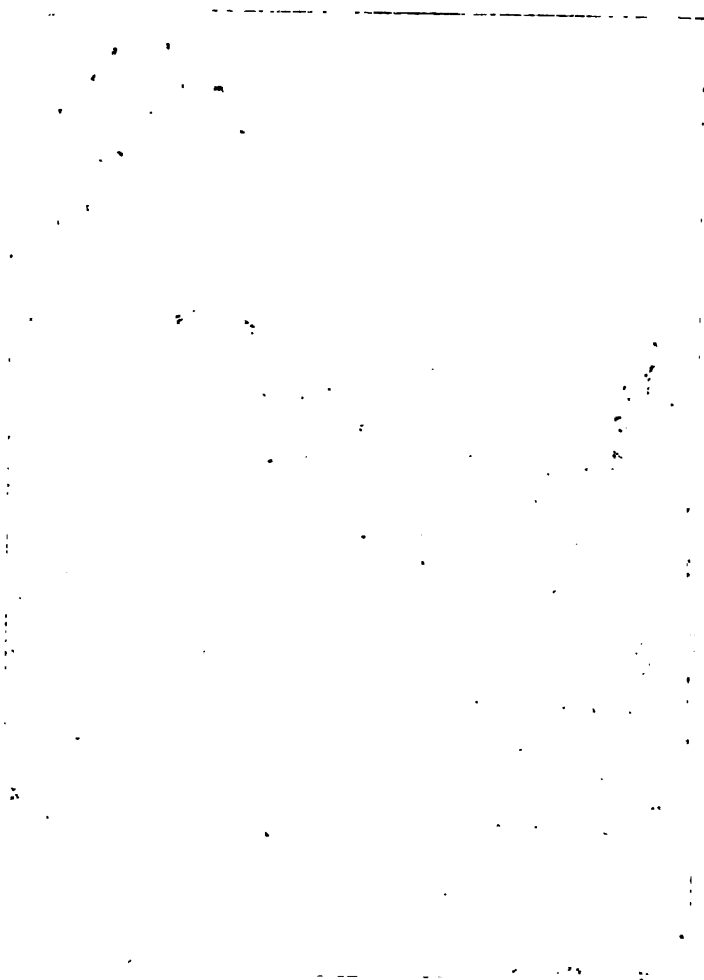
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Wooster, O.

CHAPTER IX.

FOR CHLORIDE, $V_0 = 0.5$ and $V_1 = 0.5$.

But the RWA now has a new focus. It is no longer a "nationalist" organization, as it was in the 1960s, but rather a "Christian" one, according to the group's new president, Rev. James A. McHugh, Jr., of the Washington, D.C., based National Council of American-Soviet Friendship. "We are not a nationalist organization," he says. "We are a Christian organization."

The shelter of a home for my mother was secured, with some aid and opposition from the neighbors, in bringing me a great sense of peace. On 14th October, 1850, I was married to Miss M. H. Frost, who I married on the 12th of August, 1850. It was a wedding made in answer to prayer, the very result has proved that this match was made in heaven. The union was not only at first approved even by some of my neighbors as she was a member of my church, and both of her parents were among my hearing converts, but it has long since been a subject of thanksgiving to God.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHAPTER IX.

FIRST CHURCH OF WOOSTER.



HAVE now brought these memorabilia down to times easily recalled by the children; and the Wooster pastorates will not need so full a narrative. My ministry in the First Church began in a prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening, April 1st, 1885; and my first sermon the following Sabbath was an Easter sermon.

The shelter of a home for my motherless children, with abundant opportunities for their education, brought me a great sense of happiness and peace. God also soon gave me a loving helpmeet, and mother for them, in the person of my third wife, Miss Ida M. Faust, whom I married on the 12th of August, 1886. If ever a wife was given to a man in answer to prayer she was; and the result has proved that this match was certainly made in heaven. The union was not, indeed, at first approved even by some of my friends (as she was a member of my church, and choir, and her parents were among my leading members, Mr. Faust being an elder and the superintendent

of my Sabbath school), but it has nevertheless brought to me and mine unspeakable blessings.

Other blessings followed with the years, as well as trials. Among the latter in the home circle was the siege of scarlet fever in the late autumn of 1886, when the three boys were stricken with it, one after the other, and a month later I myself, though I had had it in early life. On the 13th of September, 1887, my dear father finished his earthly course, in the 81st year of his age. He died in the faith in which he had lived; but it pleased God to call him home through the gateway of excruciating agony from *angina pectoris*.

Still another trial came to me in the winter of 1891. On the 7th of January, while hurrying to visit a suddenly stricken household, I met with a sad misfortune in the severe sprain of my ankle, from which I have not recovered in fourteen years. I was obliged to preach for three months sitting in a chair. I had just begun a series of meetings, in which the Lord gave us a great blessing, notwithstanding my disability.

Many other blessings attended my ministry in the First Church. The chiefest of all was the coming into the full communion of the church of all my children,—Miriam and Edward on the 14th of February, 1886, and Oscar and Thomas on the 22d of October, 1893. They had all started into school, the little boys a year after we

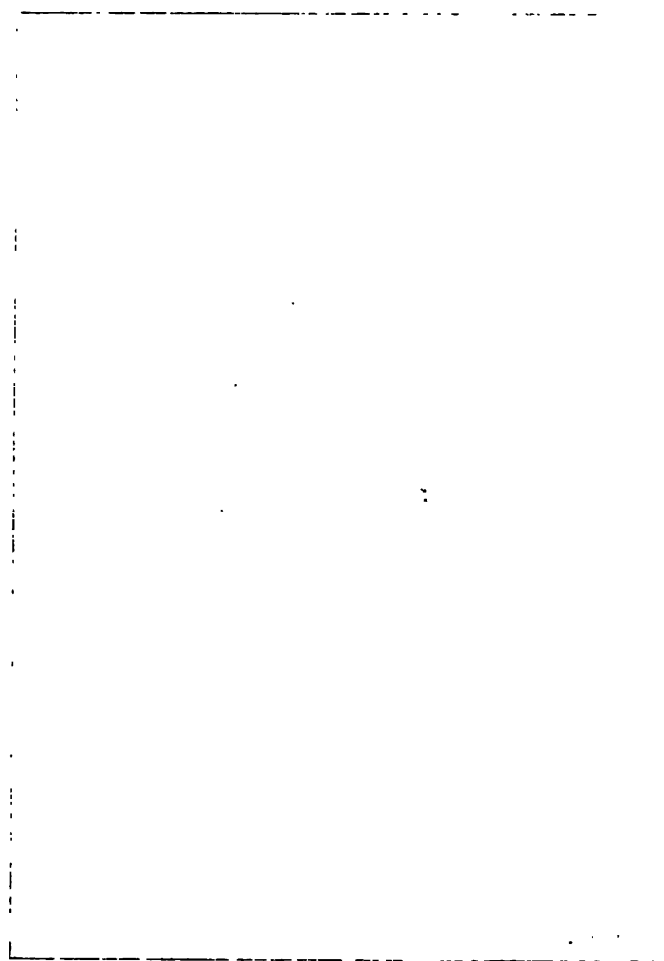
came to Wooster. Miriam and Edward were graduated at the High School, Miriam on the 20th of June, 1889, with the third honor of her class,—being the class prophet on the Commencement Program, and Edward on the 8th of June, 1893, when he gave us a good strong speech on "Chinese Immigration," which seemed to carry off the applause of the evening. Miriam was also one of Dr. Karl Merz's pupils.

After her graduation at the High School, we thought it best she should continue her studies at some ladies' school. Physical conditions weighed largely in this decision. The University was a mile from the Manse, and on the hill. To walk that distance, climb the hill, and then the stairways of the old four-story college building, we thought would be too much for her strength. So, after canvassing various institutions, we decided to send her to Wells College, Aurora, N. Y., where she was graduated, after a full course of four years, in 1893. In the year 1897 Edward was graduated at the University of Wooster, and soon after entered the Cincinnati Law School, and Mr. McDougall's Office, Oscar and Tom still going to the public schools. They had been in the same classes, till we thought to help Tom by putting him into a kindergarten, which soon, as he expressed it, "busted up," and he lost just a year by the experiment. The boys entered the Preparatory Department of the University in the

autumn of 1895; and were graduated from the University, Oscar in 1901, and Tom in 1902.

In the month of December, 1888, I was called to the pastorate of the Central Presbyterian Church of New York, and for a time was minded to accept; but, on learning that the call was not unanimous (the vote standing 146 to 17) I declined. Ever since I have blessed God that He did not permit me to go. I am sure neither Ida nor myself could have stood the strain. About the same time I had a tentative overture from the Second Church of Newark, Ohio. Still another overture came from the First Church of Williamsport, Pa. This was during the holidays of 1889. I visited and preached in Williamsport. The people seemed greatly pleased; and the elders and temporary pastor assured me the church would call me. From that day to this I have never heard a syllable from them, and have no information as to what switched them off! I only suspect that a woman, member of that church, and sister of a North Church member, who did not at the time especially like me, must have said something to my disparagement. How easily may a single word blast the best laid plans! But the Lord was in the woman's words, if indeed they were hers, because He saw my work was not done in Wooster.

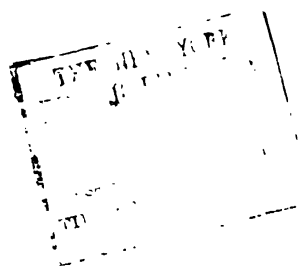
I returned from Williamsport ill with *la grippe*, almost the first case in Wooster. But we



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OCTOBER 14, 1889



soon had enough of it, the winter of 1891-1892 being particularly severe. From the 1st of April, 1891, to the 1st of April, 1892, I conducted the funeral of twenty old people whose aggregate age amounted to nearly 1500 years; and most of them died of *la grippe* or its sequelæ.

I think a fair estimate of my ministry in the First Church would be that it was a measurably but not remarkably successful one. We labored under some special disadvantages. The church was badly located and the situation was constantly getting worse. The large country membership, about one hundred, and scattered over a territory of fifty square miles, made the charge a very laborious one.

So it came about that, in the spring of 1894, after a hard winter's work, two attacks of *la grippe*, and an unusually depressing Sabbath's work, May 13th, with two sermons and a suicide's funeral on a very hot day, I broke down completely. The physician said it was "congestion of the blood-vessels of the brain,"—and that nothing would do me any good but a long period of absolute mental rest. I wished to resign, and offered my resignation; but the Session would not listen to it. The congregation gave me leave of absence for one year. I gave up my salary, and secured for the church the Rev. Charles Heron as a supply.

Then, leaving the boys in the care of Mr. and

Mrs. Faust, Ida, Miriam and I went to Europe, sailing from New York on the Cunard S. S. "Servia," with good Captain John Ferguson, commander, who became our warm personal friend, on the 21st of July, 1894. We landed at Queenstown on the 28th, and spent six months in Great Britain, and then six months on the Continent, returning to Wooster in August, 1895. It may be of interest to preserve here the itinerary of our journey.

We left New York, Saturday, July 21st, 1894, and landed at Queenstown Saturday, July 28th.

Arrived at Cork, Wednesday, August 1st.

Excursion to Blarney Castle, August 2d.

Arrived at Glengarriff, Thursday, August 2d.

Arrived at Killarney, Friday, August 3d.

Arrived at Dublin, Saturday August 4th.

Arrived at Londonderry, Wednesday, August 8th.

Arrived at Port Rush, Thursday, August 9th.

Excursion to Giant's Causeway, August 9th.

Arrived at Belfast, Friday, August 10th.

Arrived at Holyhead, Tuesday, August 14th.

Arrived at Llandudno, Wednesday, August 15th.

Excursion to Llanberis, August 22d and 23d.

Arrived at Chester, Monday, August 27th.

Arrived at Liverpool, Tuesday, August 28th.

Excursion to Hawarden Castle and Eaton Hall, Tuesday, August 28th.

Excursion to Rowsley, Haddon Hall and Chatsworth Castle, August 30th and 31st.

Arrived at Ambleside, Wednesday, September 5th.

Arrived at Carlisle, Friday, September 7th.

Arrived at Glasgow, Saturday, September 8th.

Arrived at Trossachs, Tuesday, September 11th.

Arrived at Stirling, Wednesday, September 12th.

Arrived at Edinburgh, Thursday, September 13th.

Excursion, via St. Andrews, to Dundee and McChesney's Grave, Wednesday, September 26th.

Excursion to Roslyn Chapel, Tuesday, October 2d.

Excursion to Melrose and Abbotsford, with Dryburgh Abbey, Thursday, October 4th.

Arrived at Newcastle, Tuesday, October 9th.

Arrived at York, Thursday, October 11th.

Arrived at Leeds, Friday, October 12th.

Arrived at Lincoln, Monday, October 15th.

Arrived at Peterborough, Wednesday, October 17th.

Arrived at Cambridge, Friday, October 19th.

Excursion to Clare, and Mr. Goodchild's, October 22d.

Arrived at Bedford, Tuesday, October 23d.

Arrived at Leamington, via Rugby, October 24th.

Excursion to Warwick and Kenilworth Castles, Thursday, October 25th.

Arrived at Birmingham, via Stratford-on-Avon, Friday, October 26th.

Arrived at Hereford, via Worcester, October 30th.

Arrived at Gloucester, Wednesday, October 31st.

Arrived at Oxford, Thursday, November 1st.

Arrived at London, Monday, November 5th.

Arrived at Dover, Thursday, December 20th.

Arrived at Paris, Friday, December 21st.

Arrived at Marseilles, Wednesday, January 9th.

Arrived at Nice, Friday, January 11th, 1895.

Excursion to Monte Carlo, Friday, February 8th.

Arrived at Genoa, Tuesday, February 12th.

Arrived at Pisa, Thursday, February 14th.

Arrived at Rome, Friday, February 15th.

Arrived at Naples, Monday, March 4th.

Excursion to Pompeii, Amalfi, Sorrento and Caprae, with the Blue Grotto, March 7th and 8th.

Arrived at Florence, Monday, March 11th.

Arrived at Venice, Thursday, March 21st.

Excursion to Milan, and the Italian Lakes Como, Lugano and Maggiore, March 25th to 30th.

Arrived at Vienna, Tuesday, April 2d.

Arrived at Munich, Friday, April 5th.

Arrived at Nuremberg, Tuesday, April 9th.

Arrived at Dresden, Thursday, April 11th.

Arrived at Leipsic, Saturday, April 20th.

Arrived at Berlin, Tuesday, April 23d.

Arrived at Paris, Wednesday, May 8th.

Arrived at Brussels, Saturday, June 8th.

Arrived at Cologne, Tuesday, June 11th.

Arrived at Mainz, Thursday, June 13th.

Arrived at Frankfort, Friday, June 14th.
Arrived at Heidelberg, Monday, June 17th.
Arrived at Stuttgart, Wednesday, June 19th.
Arrived at Baden Baden, Thursday, June 20th.
Arrived at Basle, via Strasberg, June 22d.
Arrived at Constance, Monday, June 24th.
Arrived at Zurich, Tuesday, June 25th.
Arrived at Rigi Kulm, Wednesday, June 26th.
Arrived at Lucerne, Thursday, June 27th.
Arrived at Interlaken, Friday, June 28th.
Arrived at Berne, Saturday, June 29th.
Arrived at Territet, Monday, July 1st.
Arrived at Geneva, Tuesday, July 2d.
Excursion to Chamonix, Wednesday, July 3d.
Arrived at Paris, Tuesday, July 9th.
Arrived at London, Thursday, July 11th.
Arrived at Brighton, Thursday, July 25th.
Arrived at Ryde, Isle of Wight, July 26th.
Arrived at Freshwater Gate, Saturday, July 27th.
Arrived at Southampton, Monday, July 29th.
Arrived at Salisbury and Stonehenge, July 30th.
Arrived at Exeter, Wednesday, July 31st.
Arrived at Bristol, Thursday, August 1st.
Excursion to Bath and Wells, Friday, August 2d.
Arrived at Bath, Saturday, August 3d.
Arrived at Liverpool, via Tintern Abbey and Hereford,
Monday, August 5th.
Sailed for New York, Saturday, August 10th, on the
Cunard S. S. *Etruria*.

We landed in New York on the 17th of August, and reached Wooster at noon of the 21st, glad to find our immediate household all well and eagerly awaiting our coming. Our return was greeted with great joy by most of our people. Some of them, indeed, as was natural, had in a measure transferred their affections to Mr. Heron. I resumed my work, however, without any serious difficulty.

At the meeting of the Synod of Ohio in October, 1895, at Chillicothe, I was elected Moderator, much to my surprise.

At home, the enlargement of the Manse, Ida's illness of several weeks, and trouble with our English girls,—an unwise importation,—made the autumn of 1895 rather trying to us, after our long release from cares.

And other cares we soon found were appointed us. On returning from our vacation on the 2d of September, 1896, we found Ida's mother stricken with typhoid-malaria. For the first week she did not seem to be very ill; but she did not improve. She lingered for several weeks, our hopes alternately rising and falling, and then left us for her eternal home. She was a rare sweet saint of God,—her Christian life always most exemplary, but her Christian hope often dimmed through the influence of her disease. She died at 9.45 o'clock on Friday evening, September 25th, 1896.

Though I seemed to have recovered from the breakdown of 1894, I soon found my work beginning to drag rather heavily; and slowly it dawned upon me that I must be thinking of retiring from my position as pastor of the First Church. I continued to work away, however, till the autumn of 1897 when my mind was fully made up to resign. The day before I was sixty years of age (December 13th, 1897,) I announced

that I would retire on the 1st of April, 1898, at the end of my thirteenth year,—which I did.

It will be interesting, and perhaps serve as a prophylactic against superstition, if I here set down some curious illustrations of the cycle of thirteen in my history. So here goes:—I was born on the thirteenth,—was graduated from college on the thirteenth,—had room thirteen on my first night in the Theological Seminary,—was in my thirteenth year when I left the Central Church of Cincinnati,—was called to the North Church of Allegheny on the thirteenth,—was pastor of the First Church of Wooster thirteen years,—spent thirteen months abroad in foreign travel,—received thirteen members into the church at my last Communion in the First Church,—and thirteen at my second Communion in the Westminster Church,—and may possibly complete this narrative on the thirteenth! How's that for superstition?

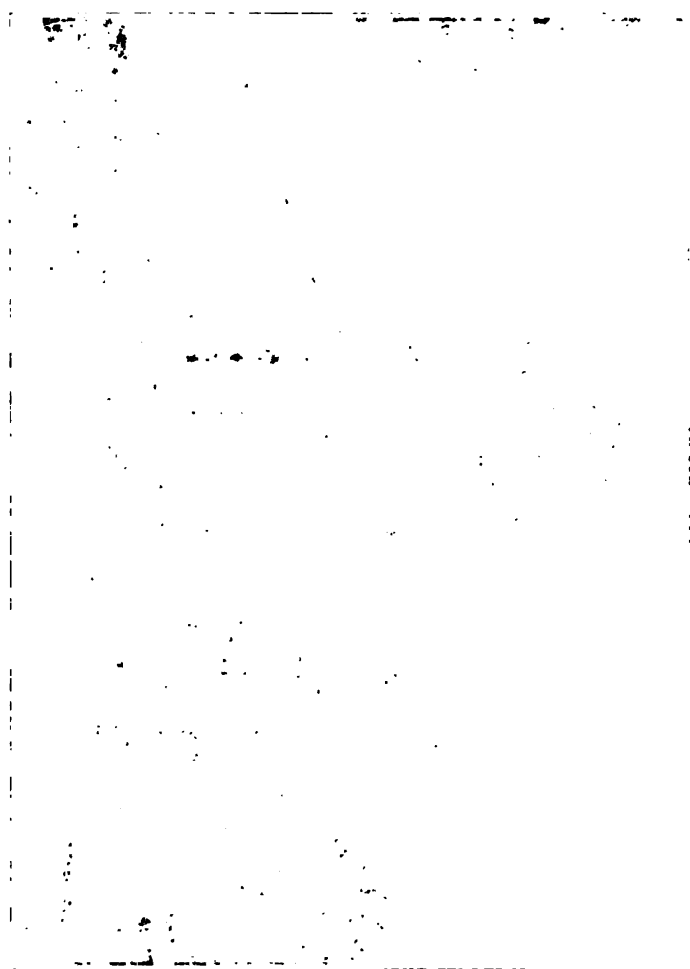
When I resigned from the First Church, I supposed it was my definite retirement from the public ministry of the Gospel. Through the generous gifts of our children, supplemented by my own resources, we were able to buy this sightly lot, and build this comfortable home; and I proposed to give the rest of my days to study and writing. But this was not the Lord's plan. The Rev. Dr. S. Hall Young, who had supplied the pulpit of the Westminster Church for two years,

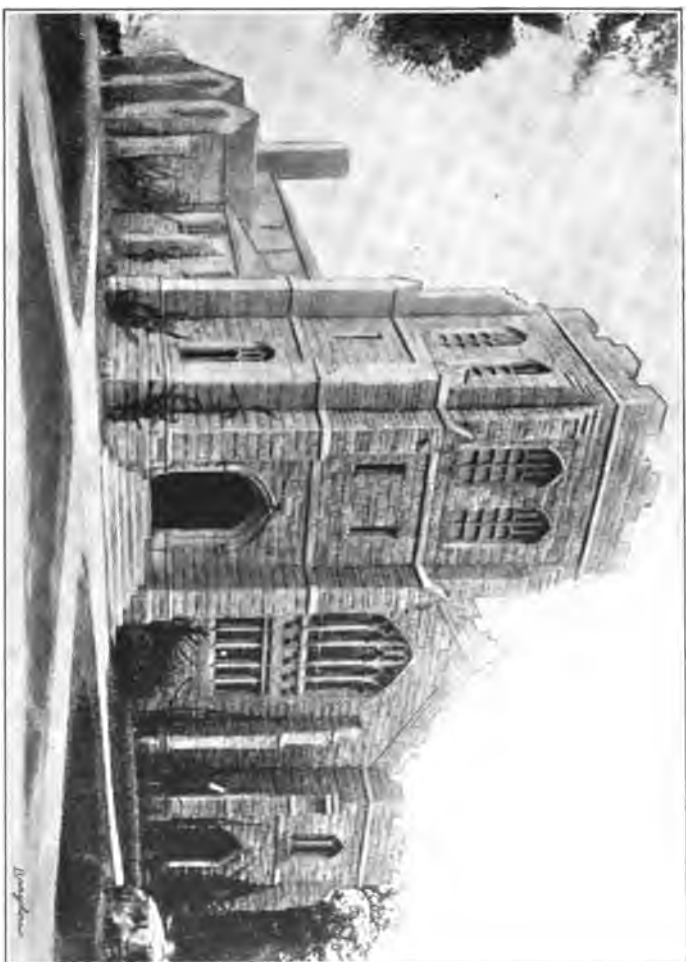
returned to his mission work in Alaska in the autumn of 1898; and even before our house was finished a delegation of this church came to me pleading, "We have no minister, and you have no church; come up and help us." It was a very important charge, not likely to be so burdensome as that of the one I had just surrendered; and I was persuaded to undertake it.

ing; and the salary did not cut any figure, as I was now able to live without any if necessary. So, when they invited me to preach for them on a salary of \$600.00 per annum, I agreed to do it,—the old arrangement still holding that President and Pastor alternate in supplying the pulpit during the University year. Having the Communion, Prayer-meetings and Vacation Sabbaths to look after, my service was practically for about two-thirds of the time.

My labors began on the 1st of October, 1898, though I was not formally called till June 28th, 1899, and was not installed till October 3d, 1899, as I preferred to test for a time the relation of Stated Supply, and whether my health would admit of a more permanent arrangement. Our house was finished; and we moved into it on the 23d of March, 1899. We have found great comfort in our new home,—the first one I ever owned,—marred only by the too soon “flitting” of our “little boys.” Ida’s father, Mr. Faust, came to live with us on our transfer to the new house; and he made his home with us during the remainder of his life.

The resignation of President Scovel in 1897, and, after an interregnum of two years, the inauguration of his successor, President Holden, brought me a great deal of care and perplexity, from which, indeed, my situation here can hardly ever permit me to be free. President Holden was





WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, UNIVERSITY MEMORIAL CHAPEL
Wooster, O.

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able to begin his administration with the promise of \$35,000.00 from Mr. H. Clay Frick, for a fire-proof Library Building,—a memorial of his parents. This was erected, and dedicated on the 11th of December, 1900.

In November of 1900 Miriam, taking Miss Anna J. Sprague with her, went to Europe a second time, expecting to spend about a year in study and travel on the continent. In the summer of 1901, at their solicitation, Ida and I decided to go over again, and travel with them three months, after which we would all come home together. We sailed from New York June 26th, on the American Liner, "St. Louis," and landed at Southampton on the 3d of July, whence we crossed to Havre, and went by railroad to Paris, where we met the girls on the "Glorious Fourth."

After a few days with them at Madame Glatz's, 45 Rue de Clichy, our old pension, we all went to the Rhine at Mainz, and down the river to Cologne, whence we took a tour through Holland,—the part of our itinerary of six years before which we had been obliged to give up on account of Miriam's attack of tonsilitis during our last week in Paris at that time.

The following is the route we took on this visit, viz:—

Sailed from New York, Wednesday, June 26th.
Arrived at Southampton, Wednesday, July 3d.
Arrived at Paris, Thursday, July 4th.

Arrived at Mainz, Thursday, July 11th.
Arrived at Cologne, Friday, July 12th.
Arrived at Amsterdam, Monday, July 15th.
Arrived at The Hague, Wednesday, July 17th.
Arrived at Rotterdam, Friday, July 19th.
Arrived at Antwerp, Saturday, July 20th.
Arrived at Brussels, Monday, July 22d.
Arrived at London, Wednesday, July 24th.
Arrived at Bowness, Tuesday, August 13.
Arrived at Keswick, Thursday, August 15th.
Arrived at Edinburgh, Saturday, August 17th.
Arrived at Oban, Tuesday, August 27th.
Arrived at Banavie, Thursday, August 29th.
Arrived at Inverness, Friday, August 30th.
Arrived at Aberdeen, Saturday, August 31st.
Arrived at Edinburgh, Monday, September 2d.
Arrived at York, Wednesday, September 4th.
Arrived in London, Friday, September 6th.
Arrived at Southampton, Friday, September 13th.
Sailed, Southampton, Saturday, September 14th.
Arrived in New York, Saturday, September 21st.
Arrived in Wooster, Tuesday, September, 24th.

So, returning to our work with the opening of the autumn of 1901, we found the new Chapel, ground for which had been broken on Commencement Day in June, with its walls up but no roof on as yet. Slowly the work went on; and a little more than two months after our home-coming, on the 11th of December, 1901, the old University Building was burned to the ground. It seemed to be an awful calamity; as a matter of fact it proved to be a great blessing. Prodigious efforts were at once put forth to meet conditions named by Messrs. Carnegie and Severance; and, with their help, in sixty days over \$400,000.00 were raised to put up five new buildings,—an

academy, two science halls, a recitation hall, and a heating and light plant for the whole group.

The Chapel was dedicated on the 4th of March, 1902, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Minton, the then Moderator of the General Assembly. On the first anniversary of the fire all five new buildings were dedicated, in the midst of a pouring rain all day, but with an enthusiasm which no possible downpour could dampen, much less extinguish. It was a great achievement, the glories of which I can cordially speak, because through infirmity I could do but little in bringing it about.

The rapid growth of the Westminster Church to a position of equality with the First Church and of commanding importance in the community speedily followed. This was due, not to the pastor, but to a number of causes. The coming in of many new families to educate their children was one. Ten years and more ago, when we had no telephone, and no free mail delivery, and hardly any free grocery delivery, seven out of ten families, coming to Wooster for educational privileges, would locate near the center of town; and naturally they drifted into the First Church. Now, under changed and improved circumstances, the proportion is reversed, and the Westminster Church gets the benefit. The late Professor Oliver also, with his magnificent choir, did not a little to popularize our Sabbath services. The

introduction of the weekly envelope system of offerings has done much, too, to make the financial burdens of the our church easier to bear.

Most of all causes of our prosperity, it must be said the blessing of God has come upon us in answer to prayer; and as a result we have had larger additions to our membership on profession of faith in Christ during these later years than ever before. To His name be all the glory!

I may here set down as a matter of record the number of those I have received into the various churches during the years of my active service, viz:—

<i>Church.</i>	<i>Years.</i>	<i>Examina- tion.</i>	<i>Certifi- cate.</i>
Spruce Creek	3	29	11
Central, Cincinnati,	13	166	171
North Allegheny	3	21	57
Santa Barbara, Cal.	1	0	7
San Francisco, Cal.	1	6	2
Wooster, First,	13	176	236
Wooster, West,	6	97	225
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	40	488	709
		<hr/>	<hr/>
		1197	

From data gathered in the winter of 1886-87, while preparing an address on Spiritual Power, for the students of the Western Theological Seminary, I discovered that the average annual ingathering of members into the Church per minister is ten persons. From the foregoing table it will be seen that I have only just a little exceeded this average; and I am filled with shame

that with so many advantages I have done so little.

In the winter before our second European trip our hearts and home were saddened by the death of Ida's father. After nine days of extreme suffering from disease incident to advancing years, he was released at 7.30 o'clock in the evening of Monday, January 14th, 1901.

Two years later, in the winter of 1903-04, came my second recent and more serious breakdown. For several years I have had a mysterious sense of oppression in the cardiac region. Our home physicians were puzzled to know the cause of it. But eminent specialists of Chicago and Philadelphia now substantially agree in their diagnosis of my case; and say it is "arteriosclerosis involving the valves of the heart." Some have advised me to give up all public speaking, while others think some mild and guarded public utterance might not be harmful. And all agree that, with a quiet life, free from all excitement and overstrain of body, mind, or emotion, I may yet live eight or ten years in comparative comfort. But, of course undue exertion or excitement might bring a fatal termination at any moment.

Again I have sought a release from the pastorate, and again my people refuse to let me go. They wish me to retain the pastorate, take care of the communions and prayer-meetings and do

the pastoral work,—while they supply the pulpit except when I feel able and wish to preach myself. How long they or I will be content to let this arrangement run remains to be seen. For the present I acquiesce in it, waiting for the Lord to indicate His sovereign and gracious will.

Meanwhile I am trying not to be idle; and, during this winter of 1904-05, have prepared two volumes for the press, which, indeed, may never see the light. The first is a volume of Expository Sermons, entitled "New Shafts in the Old Mine," while the other is an arrangement of Genesis for English readers, with the title "The Original Bible." I may not be able to get a publisher for either of them; and, if I do not, the world will not be perceptibly poorer.

The following is a list of all my ventures in print, the first two being books, viz:—

1. *Companion Characters; A Series of Studies in Bible Biography.*
2. *Carmina Subseciva.*
3. *In Memoriam; The Rev. James R. Hughes.*
4. *Pictures of Life in Language; An Anniversary Address, Ladies School, Kalamazoo Mich., July 1st, 1875.* Originally "Pictures in Words," in *Our Monthly*, Vol. 1, Page 106.
5. *An Analysis of the Epistle to the Hebrews.*
6. *The Legend of the Cannon Mountain; A Story for Children, in Our Monthly*, Vol. 3, Page 65.
7. *Farewell Discourses, on Leaving Cincinnati; The Attraction of the Cross, and The Spiritual Temple.*
8. *A Tour Through Palestine, A Series of Studies of the Land and the Book.*
9. *The Golden Wedding of Darwin T. and Sarah Hills, "Divine Direction and Discipline."*

10. Spiritual Power.
11. Mrs. Kitty Thurston, A Christmas Story in the Interior of December 23d, 1886.
12. The Story of the Sermons, with The Attraction of the Cross of No. 6, in "A Souvenir of Thirty Years."
13. Victories with Jawbones; Wooster High School Baccalaureate, 1893.
14. Hymns and Meditations in Verse, mostly republished in *Carmina Subseciva*.
15. The Permanent in the Perishable; The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Central Church of Cincinnati, 1895.
16. Cambridge and Oxford.
17. Songs from the Sunset Sea.

4



JUNE 24, 1902

1917

1918

CONCLUSION.



HAVE come to the closing page of these short and simple Annals of the Manse. In one respect it is like all history,—the quiet, peaceful and happy times get scant mention: the tale records the days of sorrow and trial. It would be a mistake, however, to infer from this that my life has been an unhappy one. There have been more bright days than dark ones. And, if it were the Master's will, I would cheerfully start in for another forty years ministry. But I know this may not be: and henceforth, from these glances on the past, I must turn to the things that lie before me. I cannot say that I shrink from the unknown world, though it does sometime cause a little fluttering of the heart when I occasionally realize that soon and suddenly I may land "on the other shore." I want all who read these lines to know that while I do not make much of death-bed experiences, I shall die in the faith of the Gospel which I have preached. I know I am most unworthy, and shall ever be, and that my salvation must be all of grace. I shall leave this world relying only on the perfect righteousness of the

Lord Jesus: and, through all the ages it will be my joy to cast my crown at my Saviour's feet, while, all so unworthy, I join the hallelujahs of the skies,—“Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever, Amen.”

MARCH 13, 1905.

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